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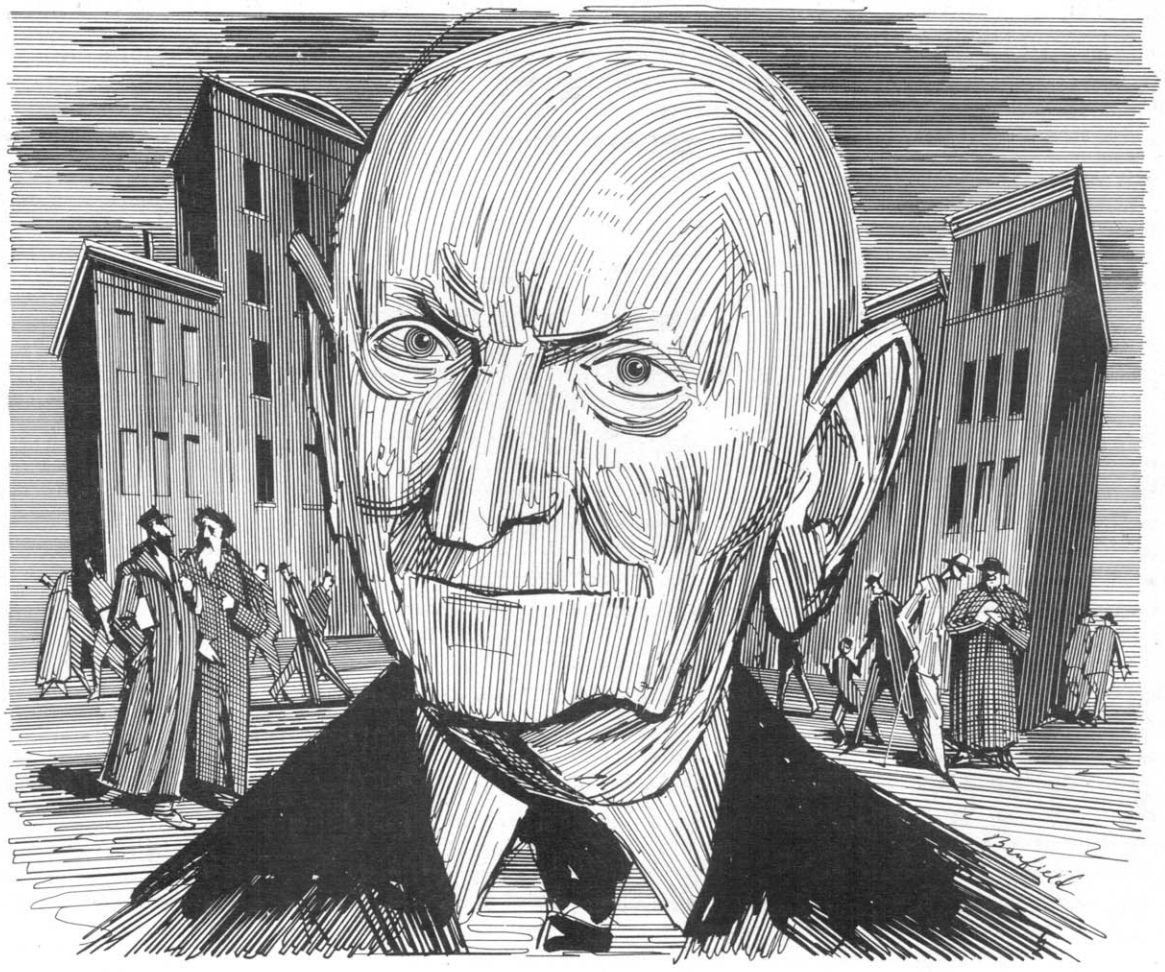

***Isaac Bashevis Singer*: Warsaw, 1926**

***R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.*:**
Conversations with Raymond Aron & Luigi Barzini

***Stephen Haseler*: The New French Polemicists**

***Victor Baras*: East German Connections**

***F.S. Manor*: Israel's Compass**

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• March through early April, and as the days shuffle past it grows increasingly conceivable that America finally is taking its first timorous steps toward adoption of one of the most salutary innovations ever suggested for democratic government. After decades of hesitation, the nation stands on the threshold of implementing a visionary reform first seen in the presidential campaign of 1920 when the late Eugene V. Debs campaigned from prison. Think of the immense opportunity that was missed at that time! If Americans had perceived the wisdom of this procedure, today the jailing of presidential candidates might be the law of the land, and what a land it would be—America, showcase of civilization! Civics books could finally be read in the home without embarrassment.

• The compulsory incarceration of presidential candidates is a reform I have propounded all my adult life, yet it has never been able to get up the wind, not even among so-called liberals in the American Political Science Association. Now, thanks to the energetic journalism of William Safire and some apparently unfireable prosecuting attorneys, a goodly number of congressmen might be conducting their 1978 campaigns from the hoosegow. There, their bombast will do less harm, and if they do go too far there is always solitary confinement. This is a very hopeful turn of events. In fact my guess is that the American people will be so pleased by this experiment's effect on public health and morals that they will insist on its wider application. In locales where the prisons are overcrowded or where other prisoners might rebel at having to live with common pols, the pols could be clamped in mental hospitals or the local Unitarian Church.

• For years snivelers have whined about Debs' sad plight; never have they noted how his condition benefited democratic process. The 1920 election was one of the most decorous ever run. It could have been improved upon only if Harding and Cox too had been detained in the Atlanta Penitentiary. The people obviously approved of Debs' incarceration, and many showed their thanks by giving him the largest total vote he had ever received. Had Mr. Ford been shut off from the voters in 1976 he might be president today. From behind prison walls, Debs' rancorous threats against the capitalists and other taxpayers caused very little hysteria, assuring the electorate a sober atmosphere in which to meditate on those vaporings Debs called socialism. Doubtless there would have been even less hysteria had the experiment begun in 1916 with the virtuous Woodrow in the slammer. At any rate, clad in prison garb and observing the regimen of prison life, Debs experienced firsthand socialism's egalitarian ethic. For an American socialist that was a rare opportunity and, not surprisingly, within five years of his release he was dead.

• Today it is inspiriting to see that four sitting congressmen have been indicted from the 95th Congress, and over a dozen more are just a step ahead of the law, including the illustrious Speaker of the House, the Majority Whip, the Chairman of the House Subcommittee on Labor-HEW, and the Rt. Hon. Joshua Eilberg, who as a member of the House Judiciary Committee in 1974 won the hearts of all thinking, feeling Americans when he observed: "Our citizens are afraid that if they take a position on a political issue their telephones will be tapped, their mail opened, and their tax returns audited as a means of punishment. This result makes it imperative that Richard Nixon be impeached." As a matter of historic interest, nearly fifty congressmen from the Watergate era are ex-convicts, convicts, under indictment, or lying low.

• On April 6, Representative Frederick W. Richmond was arraigned in District of Columbia Superior Court on charges of soliciting a 16-year-old boy and an undercover policeman for purposes of some sort of sexual congress. On April 7, Representative Charles C. Diggs was charged with 35 counts of misprision. On March 31, former Congressman Otto E. Passman was indicted for accepting $213,000 in bribes, and on March 17 former Congressman Richard Hanna pleaded guilty to fraud charges. In testimony before the House Ethics Committee Mr. Tongsun Park, Esq., the South Korean patriot, has admitted to having showered some $850,000 of his munificence on fourteen sitting congressmen and seventeen others who have moved on to lusher fields.

• As I see it, now is an opportune moment to adopt a constitutional amendment requiring any candidate for elective office to report to the federal prison nearest his home within twenty-four hours of filing his candidacy. The jailing would be handled with the utmost dignity. No candidate would be expected to undertake any of the usual prison duties. Further, the candidate would have unlimited access to his campaign aides so long as they observed a modicum of decorum. For special cases such as Congressman Ron Dellums or Senator Mike Gravel, reasonable accommodations could be worked out. Naturally the candidate could have easy access to his mother and any other close friend or member of the family who really cares to visit. Incarceration would last until sunset election day, unless the candidate was already under sentence for a prior misdeed. There you are. Let those who fever for electoral reform tender a more judicious scheme.

• Despite the fact that our President left the country for seven days, the economy continued to founder; unemployment rose to 6.2 percent in March, and during the first quarter inflation devoured the dollar at the annual rate of ten percent. Before his trip the Wonderboy evoked a full forehead of sweat from Marshal Josip Broz Tito. At a White House hijinks held in the Yugoslav dictator's honor, Mr. Carter introduced him as a symbol of the "eagerness for freedom, independence, and liberty that exists throughout Eastern Europe and indeed throughout the world." As the visibly discomfited comrade's unease mounted, our learned President extolled the old bandit as a "great world leader...a friend and associate of Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt, and General De Gaulle." He was obviously warming up for his neutron bomb decision. Tito never met Roosevelt and De Gaulle. De Gaulle loathed him, and Churchill died hating him. Next came the most boring and pointless presidential journey since Calvin Coolidge took Chief Justice William Howard Taft to lunch on the presidential yacht, and finally the neutron bomb decision for which there is no historical comparison in this or any republic of literate men. Suffice it to say that Mr. Carter's once elusive image now is accessible to all. The imperial president is no more; a pert ignoramus gibbers in his stead.

• Rather than debate the death penalty in a manful way, New York's Governor Carey has chosen the low expedient of simple ridicule. To State Senator James Donovan's cogent argument that there would never have been a Christian faith if there had not been a death penalty to warrant the execution of Jesus Carey, an opponent of capital punishment replied that the Resurrection started Christianity and "If Senator Donovan can get Resurrection into the death penalty, I might be willing to give it a second look." Mr. Mason Wood, a 48-year-old vacuum-cleaner salesman seeking high office in North Carolina, has sent letters to all female candidates in that enlightened state urging them to withdraw from their respective races as a matter of "Christian duty." Mr Wood contends that "God did not ordain women to rule this universe." He also opposes the Equal Rights Amendment. Progressive Gretna, Florida, reelected Mr. Ernest Barkley upon his release from a six-month jail sentence for stealing from the town treasury. There is no word as to whether officials will reinstate his teaching certificate, which was taken from him after his conviction on a morals charge. And in Minnesota State Rep. John Spanish is not giving up on his bill to allow blind and disabled persons to hunt without state licenses. Many rude jokes have been aimed at Mr. Spanish for his audacious liberalism.

• In Carle Place, New York, the dutiful Robert Monroney, 53, is in hot water with the officers of his bank. Mr. Monroney, the branch manager of a Carle Place bank, complied with an anonymous telephone caller's orders to leave a bag of money in an alley and silently depart for a nearby Chinese restaurant with his two clerks. The dolt cost his employers $10,229. The University of Texas gave its award for achievement in communications to Captain Kangaroo. And a New York man, whose girl friend reportedly made "dynamite eggplant parmigiana" and who was arrested for stealing $1[illegible] worth of underwear from a New Jersey department store, has turned out to be none other than Frank Madonna, for seven years one of the federal Drug Enforcement Agency's Ten Most Wanted Fugitives. Frank's underwear worries are over.

—RET

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R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Editor-in-Chief

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EDITORIAL

Springtime in Europe

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

A ludicrous episode of the recent past that I believe illumines dark corners of Europe's present was served to us in 1964 by Malcolm Muggeridge. Writing in the *Sunday Telegraph*, he reviewed the prodigious career of Major Claude Eatherly, a markedly loutish American serviceman whose bogus life somehow ignited a glow in every enlightened breast in the late 1950s and early 1960s—especially in European salons.

After World War II this Major Eatherly was duly confined to a remote Texas hoosegow until a newspaper reporter, gullible even by modern American standards, intervened. Now Eatherly was a born blank, but even he recognized opportunity when it scampered into his cell, note pad in hand. Rising to the occasion, Eatherly gave the eager ingénue that which he so urgently desired: a gorgeous tale of bunk. During the war Major Eatherly had been a very creditable bomber pilot. He had, in point of fact, commanded the Hiroshima attack and collected dozens of decorations for valor and savagery. His competence was legendary, and he was clearly marked for great things, when a moral recrudescence flared in the back of his coco. Things changed, and, well, here he was, the Napoleon of Hiroshima behind bars somewhere in Texas. A profound sense of guilt had transformed and enlarged him; Major Eatherly had become a drunk. He was also a petty thief, a check forger, and a peripatetic inhabitant of insane asylums, prisons, and Veterans Administration hospitals.

It was a story so vivid with progressive liberal phantasmagoria that overnight this brummagem hero was celebrated in books, plays, television dramas ("The Big Story"), and magazines—*Newsweek*'s memorable headline was "Hero in Handcuffs." Bertrand Russell expounded on the moral significance of the Major's life. Progressives all over the world fought back the tears. John Wain, one of England's "angry young men," composed a poem whose last lines went:

> Say nothing of love, or thanks or repentance:
> Say only "Eatherly, we have your message."

"Medal in the Dust," a Hollywood parable, was under production when the truth crashed in uninvited. A writer by the name of William Bradford Huie checked Major Eatherly's war stories against government records and the recollections of his wartime associates. Alas, there were no decorations, nor was there a bombing flight over Hiroshima, nor any shots fired against the enemy, nor even a very satisfactory military career. In fact, Lord Russell's morality symbol had nearly been discharged dishonorably for indecencies allegedly committed while trying to secure the honor of dropping atomic bombs on Bikini test sites. Eatherly's exposure was total. And here allow me to inject my strong suspicion that hazy elements of the Eatherly legend survive in the folklore of the intelligentsia—another testimonial to the infinite gullibility of the modern sophisticate.

This was precisely Muggeridge's point. The western intelligentsia is disposed to believe things that would elicit *haw haws* from the average Tennessee dirt-farmer. So many times had the left intellectual been hoodwinked in the past, so many times could he be counted on to be hoodwinked in the future, that Muggeridge thought it appropriate to dub the time "The Age of Credulity." Of course, as the naming of epochs is the work of the intelligentsia, Muggeridge's well-intentioned suggestion evoked only murmurs of fie. Yet, what really intelligent observer can fail to applaud it? Not only had the intelligentsia of the time been firmly duped by such fabulists as Stalin, Alger Hiss, and Major Eatherly, but they had swallowed whole value systems and ideologies whose compelling force was not fact or logic but faith alone. They swallowed socialism.

Having spent the last few weeks in European countries where socialism has worked its wonders I return convinced that there lies before us a Post-Credulous Era, and it might not be so sweet as the Age of Credulity. To be sure, the scene today abounds with credulous hinds; but it is apparently in the nature of socialism that, when it is implemented, it breeds cynicism, apathy, self-destruction, and decadence in direct intensity and volume to the purity of its practice. Socialism has reneged on every promise it ever made. It is—even in its democratic form—a system of inequality, repression, indignity, and improvidence; but the conditions of a Post-Credulous Society make it a very difficult system to eliminate. In time it evolves into its final stage, to wit: the withering away of democracy, the rise of totalitarianism. Italy is well into the Post-Credulous Age.

"We have created a New Middle Ages," Luigi Barzini told me as I visited with him in Rome. Workers such as stevedores actually hold hereditary monopolies and charge such exorbitant fees that they can often afford to hire others to do their work, "and at miserable wages," Barzini scoffs. Employees cannot be fired. In fact, "productive employees cannot be promoted," and only with difficulty can they be moved from one job to another. Though there may be no work, employers must pay their workers; so they borrow from the banks, the banks borrow from the state, the state prints money, and the whole burlesque is regularly and urgently presented to the International Monetary Fund for its patronship. "Italy might be the first developed country to turn into an underdeveloped country," Barzini fears.

Barzini is a former member of Parliament, a journalist, and the author of *O America, When You and I Were Young*, a stimulating book worthy of our best-seller list were it not for the fact that the American best-seller list is traditionally a repository for idiocy and literary swill. He is a long-time member of the *Partito Liberale Italiano*, the 19th-century liberal party responsible for putting the Italian state together, for rebuilding it after World War II, and for cementing Italy into the Common Market. The party would not compete with its opponents in promising lovely preposterosities, and so it declined as the Age of Credulity came upon Europe. Still, the party struggles on as one of the only dignified political organizations in the West. Barzini and his colleagues have founded a popular national newspaper, *Il Giornale*, and though they are ambushed and subject to all ilk of criminal depredations by the Left's vanguard of liberty, they continue to call for moderation, liberty, and good sense economically and politically. Before leaving Rome, vivified with Soave and confident that I can still outbellow any Roman crooner ever seen singing from a Bernini fountain, I joined the *Partito Liberale Italiano*. My party card is No. 31001, and you can count on my enthusiastic membership. As Barzini declares, "It is no longer the Left against the Right, but the intelligent against the unintelligent. That is the situation all over the West." True enough, but equally true is the observation that unintelligence is rampant on the Left and in any political grouping now governing a western society. Italy is especially advanced on the road to Bangladesh.

Curiously enough, much of Italy's current decline can be attributed to Aldo Moro. I say curiously, for just as his 15th-century namesake Ludovico il Moro brought political and economic decline to Italy by inviting France's Charles VIII into the peninsula, Aldo Moro brought on Italy's latest decline in 1963 when he invited the Left-Socialists into the government. This opening to the Left managed

(*continued on page 36*)

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Isaac Bashevis Singer

Warsaw, 1926—A Memoir

Isaac Bashevis Singer, whose fiction is covered with distinction, is currently writing what he terms the "spiritual autobiography" of his youth, concerning his early literary career in Warsaw before he emigrated to the United States in 1935. In the chapter that follows he describes his encounters with the movement for World Betterment when it was still a spring flower.

I had chosen but two idols that I would be willing to serve: the idol of literature and the idol of love, but many of my colleagues both in and out of the Writers Club invariably served the idol of World Betterment. They hammered away at me: How can one be a writer if one isn't ready to fight for a better world, equality, freedom, justice, a world without competition and of eternal peace? The capitalist countries fought wars on account of oil. They kept putting up new munitions factories. The strongest among them seized huge areas of the earth. Within the groups, some individuals seized all the power under the guise of democracy while they preached offering the other cheek. How could an honest and sensitive person witness all this and still keep silent?

Well, but terrible tidings emerged from the land of socialism.

Isaac Deutscher, who had become a Trotskyite, revealed many Stalinist outrages in his little magazine—the slave camps, the liquidation of the old Bolsheviks, the rigged trials and purges which had already taken the lives of millions of innocent people. Was this socialism? Was this the ideal postulated by Marx, Engels, Lenin? Deutscher had overwhelming proof that Leon Trotsky would have handled things differently. I attended a meeting at the Writers Club at which this Isaac Deutscher was the speaker. The Stalinists tried to outshout him. They called him the renegade, fascist, sellout, capitalist bootlicker, imperialist murderer, provocateur. But Deutscher had a powerful voice. He pounded his fist on the podium and his audience of Trotskyites encouraged him with thunderous applause. He hurled sulphur and ashes at Stalinists and right-wing Socialists, at Fascists, and at such alleged democracies as America, England, and France.

Within the Jewish circles, he castigated the Zionists in all their factions and variations. What madness to want to turn back the clock of history two thousand years! Well, and from where had the Zionists concluded that Palestine belonged to the Jews? They gleaned all their information from the Scriptures, a book filled with miracles and legends. Deutscher said that the fact that Zionism could attract millions of Jews merely demonstrated the degeneracy and hopelessness of the bourgeoisie.

Among those who came to the lecture were Sabina and her younger brother, Mottel. Although Sabina was leftist-oriented, she hadn't yet decided whether she was a Stalinist, a Trotskyite, or an anarchist. Mottel was a fervent Stalinist and he had come to heckle and maybe even throw a rotten potato or egg at the speaker. Mottel was short and broad-shouldered, with thick lips, a broad nose like a duck's (he actually was nicknamed Mottel Duck), and small, piercing eyes under bushy brows. Mottel was something of a buffoon. He spouted jokes, and absurdities that evoked laughter. He had a low forehead and a thatch of pitch-black, curly hair. Mottel Duck had already served time at the Pawiak prison for his Communist activities. His sister told me that he carried a gun. He allowed his sister and mother to support him. He ran around with rich girls who were drawn to Communism and he took money from them, allegedly for party causes. He was a big eater and able to quaff numerous mugs of beer and sleep fourteen hours at a stretch.

Sabina frequently complained to me: "How it happened that such a child should come out of our pious family is something I'll never understand. Unless he is a bastard."

I had resolved repeatedly and warned myself not to have anything more to do with this Sabina, but I did the opposite. My earnings were so meager that I could no longer pay for my room at the eye doctor's on Zamenhof Street and Miss Sabina proposed that I move in with her family. A room had become vacant in their apartment and the rent was half of what I was now paying. Sabina's mother would serve me lunches cheaply. We had already kissed and I knew that once I moved into her house she would become my mistress.

This Sabina didn't speak of romantic love as had Gina or Stefa. Sabina had read the works of such modernists as Margerit, Decobra, Zapolska, and she had a high opinion of Emma Goldman. She often derided the institution of marriage as antiquated and held that the man of the future wouldn't make contracts for lifelong love but would conduct himself according to the dictates of nature. Sabina had read some of my stories and she believed in my literary powers if I could only find the right direction.

Sabina spoke to me frankly. A young man was after her, ready to marry her, but the little love she had felt for him before had completely cooled within her. He wrote poems in Polish. He came from some town in the Lublin region. He had dropped out of the Gymnasium and gone off to Palestine where he had struggled for two years, suffered from malaria, and come back a dedicated Communist. He had been arrested twice. She couldn't drop him all at once since he was madly in love with her and was, despite his Leninist convictions, capable of killing himself. But if I moved in with her, sooner or later he would remove himself. There was even a chance he might smuggle himself into Soviet Russia or be sent there by the Party.

When Mrs. Alpert heard that I was giving up the room, she fell into a kind of panic. She was ready to keep me on without paying rent, she claimed. Her eyes filled with tears. She told me that I was the best boarder she had ever had. She thought of me as a son. To

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Isaac Bashevis Singer's most recent short-story collections are Passions *and* A Crown of Feathers, *which won the National Book Award. The chapter printed here forms part of the second volume of Singer's spiritual autobiography,* A Young Man in Search of Love, *text copyright ©1978 by Isaac Bashevis Singer, published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.*

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her, a boarder wasn't someone who merely paid his rent—she had to feel a rapport toward someone with whom she shared a roof. My name had been mentioned in a Polish-Jewish newspaper she read and it was an honor for her to have such a person in her home. How could I treat her this way? Marila the maid also flushed, and turned sulky and tearful when she heard I was moving out.

She complained to me: "What bad did we ever do you that you're running away from us? I always kept your room spotless, not even a speck of dirt. When you wanted tea or whatever, I was ready to get up in the middle of the night to serve you. I took care of your phone calls and all your dates. You're obviously drawn to one of those fancy young ladies of yours, but none of them will be as faithful to you as I've been."

I listened to these reproofs in amazement. It had never occurred to me that I was such a catch. I wasn't tall or handsome, and I spoke a poor Polish. Whenever I glanced in the mirror I always grew half frightened of my own face. The little hair left on my head was fiery red. My face was pale and often as white as that of someone who has just gotten up out of a sickbed. My cheeks were sunken, my ears flaring, my back stooped. Women constantly corrected my Polish, pointed out that my tie was crooked, that my trousers seemed about to fall off at any moment, and that my shoelaces were untied. I suffered from colds and no matter how many handkerchiefs I had, they were always soiled. I felt so touched by Mrs. Alpert's and Marila's reaction that I blurted: "Well, all right. I'll stay with you, my dears!"

In a second I decided to hold on to both rooms! This was pure nonsense since I didn't earn enough to maintain even one room. But somehow I had the feeling that a God Who tolerated my insanities wouldn't forsake me.

When Sabina heard what I had done, she said that I wasn't merely deranged but also suicidal. The most important thing for a young writer was to have a clear head, not to have to constantly fret about money. Well, and what would I do with two rooms? I didn't have any possessions outside of my few books and manuscripts. I had nothing to move out and nothing to move in. The whole thing sounded like a bad joke. Sabina was ready to give me back the few zlotys I had given her as a deposit, but I wouldn't hear of it. My only fear was that my brother shouldn't find out what I was doing. He would have scolded me like a father. He would tell his fellow writers and they would have something to laugh at. Well, but I had already had two residences when Gina was still living in Warsaw. It seemed that my type of conspiracy required two addresses.

I awaited a miracle and a miracle came. I walked into the Writers Club and the woman at the door told me that the editor of the afternoon paper, *Radio*, had telephoned me. He had left a number where I was supposed to call him right back. Had my brother again tried to get me a job? No, this time it wasn't my brother but someone else who had told the editor of *Radio* that I had displayed a talent for writing. He had also mentioned that I could translate from the German. The *Radio*, like the other Yiddish newspapers, printed suspense novels. The editor had just acquired an exciting novel from Germany, where it had enjoyed a huge success. The problem was, however, that the Yiddish reader wouldn't accept a novel with a locale as alien as Berlin with its strange-sounding streets. The novel didn't have to be merely translated but adapted in such a way that the action was shifted to Warsaw and the heroes and heroines became familiar Jewish men and women.

On the telephone the editor proposed this revision to me. He told me to come to his office and I didn't walk but ran. I've forgotten his name, but his image is fixed in my mind—short, stout, with a round face, ruddy cheeks, and amiable, half-sleepy eyes. He was a favorite of the newspaper's owner, perhaps a relative of the owner.

He smiled at me with the geniality of one who wants to grant a favor and rid himself of a burden at the same time. He took a thick German book out of a drawer. It appeared to be a thousand pages long.

He handed it to me and said: "Glance through it!"

I read the first page and asked: "Will my name have to be used?"

"No names."

"Oh, this is a stroke of luck for me!" I gushed, knowing the whole while that it is poor business to show how eager you are for a job. I came from a house which knew of no diplomacy.

The editor said: "We'll give you sixty zlotys a week."

In those days, sixty zlotys came to no more than eleven or twelve dollars, but in Poland this was a big sum. Whole families got by on such an amount.

I said: "Really, I don't know how to thank you."

"Go home and get to work. You'll supply us some ten thousand words a week. Write simply, in short paragraphs and with lots of dialogue. Don't use any difficult words. If you need an advance, you can get one right now."

"As you understand..."

"I understand that you can use it. If the novel catches on, you'll get more work from us."

"I'll do everything in my power."

He wrote out a slip of paper for me and showed me where to take it to a cashier, who handed me two hundred zlotys. I had been struggling along as a proofreader and translator and suddenly I had become rich, even if burdened down with work. Although I felt doubts about God, His benevolence and providence, I offered up silent praise to Him. No, the world was no accident, no result of an explosion or something similar, as Feuerbach, Marx, and Bukharin contended. Because I didn't want to disappoint Mrs. Alpert and Marila, God had sent me this source of income. But why didn't He reward deeds nobler than mine? Why did He allow poor people to jump from trolleys and lose arms and legs, or Gina to die of consumption, or innocent children to burn to death by falling kerosene stoves?

Afterward, when I told a journalist at the Writers Club what had happened, he told me that I was a dunce. The editor was paying me half of what other writers of this kind of work were getting.

"Why didn't you bargain with him?" he asked me. He advised me to call the editor and demand more. He was willing to bet that he would raise me at least forty zlotys a week on the spot. But I was too proud to do something like that. I had been raised to believe that haggling and praising your own work and asking for a raise after a deal had been made was beneath human dignity.

My worries about a living had ceased so long as the novel would run, but Sabina's brother Mottel accused me of contributing to yellow journalism. He read each day's installment and pointed out again and again that this was opium for the masses to lull them from the struggle for a just order.

Sabina's fiancé (as he was known in the house), Meir Milner, only sought to engage me in debates. He was blond, blue-eyed, snub-nosed. He worked a half-day as an assistant bookkeeper in a button factory. I had blurted out that I didn't believe in historical materialism and he had promptly become my enemy. He kept on needling me. In what, he asked, *did* I believe? In the League of Nations that had immediately after its formation begun to expire? In Wilson's hypocritical manifesto? In the Balfour Declaration which wasn't worth the paper it was written on? In the false promises of Leon Blum, Macdonald, Pearl, Diamond, Gompers?

I reminded him about the number of comrades who had gone to the land of socialism only to disappear, but Meir Milner shouted: "False accusations from fascist dogs! Lies fabricated by the reactionary pigs! Delusions of Trotskyite provocateurs!"

"Let them burn like a wet rag, slowly," interposed Mottel the wag, "there is one cure for them—to be made a head shorter."

"One death isn't enough for them!" Meir Milner snarled along.

For the countless time I grew astounded over the bloodthirstiness that had been aroused among Jewish youth after two thousand years of Diaspora, after centuries of ghettos. If Lamarck and his disciples were correct in that acquired traits are inherited, every Jew should have emerged a hundred percent pacifist. Modern Jews and Muslims should be born circumcized. I read books about biology and was particularly interested in the debate between the mechanists and the vitalists, the Lamarckists and the Darwinists.

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Late at night I went to sleep. It was a tiny room with a window facing a blank wall. It was half-dark in there even on the brightest day. There was no electricity in the house, only gaslight. I had taken on so much work that I was constantly behind.

I lay awake thinking about Gina. I had visited her during the Days of Awe—a sick woman alone in the woods and far from neighbors, from a store, and without a telephone. She sat there and waited for death. This was no longer the Gina I knew but someone else; completely unfamiliar to me. She had almost stopped talking. I tried to carry on a conversation with her about the supernatural but she didn't answer. Had she given up her belief in the immortality of the soul? Had she lied earlier about her communications with the dead and now no longer sought to deceive me? Or had she gained access to secrets denied the healthy? I had the feeling that whatever I said to her would constitute a burden.

I asked her if she wanted to accompany me to the synagogue to hear the blowing of the ram's horn, and she replied:

"What for?"

And soon there was nothing left to say.

I wanted to come to her bed at night. I hoped to rouse a passion within her and to make her talkative one last time, but Gina said that she must sleep alone. Weak as she was, she had made up a bed for me on a cot in the same room where she slept. She put out the lamp and grew immediately silent. I didn't hear her breathing. During the day she occasionally erupted in a wet cough but that night I didn't hear so much as a rustle from her. She had apparently swallowed a number of sleeping pills and had sunk into a kind of coma. I was afraid lest she die in the night.

Strangely enough, she had formed a friendship with a woman in Otwock who was also consumptive and with whom she was more open and talkative. Genia's brother was a doctor in Warsaw. She came each morning to visit and brought food she had bought for Gina. Genia liked to talk. In the two days that I spent with Gina, Genia and I became so friendly that we kissed when I left. She told me that doctors—her brother concurring—had given her a year to live. She lived next door to a friend, a young man who was in the last stages of consumption and could last another six months at best. She confided to me that Gina was hardly as sick physically as she assumed. Doctors who had examined her had agreed that she suffered from anemia, but it wasn't the kind of anemia that necessarily killed. She had been prescribed injections and a diet of liver which she ignored. Gina no longer wanted to live. I knew that it was my fault. My leaving to take a room at Dr. Alpert's had convinced her that all the hopes she had placed in me had been foolish.

My having moved in with Sabina seemed to me even more than foolish. I had light-mindedly broken up a match between two young people. I generally wasn't inclined to marriage and even if I had been, it certainly wouldn't be to someone like Sabina. Although I didn't follow in the path of my pious parents, I had retained an ideal of a wife as my parents conceived it—a decent Jewish daughter, a virgin who after the wedding would serve if not one God at least one man. In brief, a wife like my mother. I should have admitted this to Sabina, but I saw that she was tired of flighty affairs and that she longed with all her womanly instincts for a husband, a home, and children. She might have calculated that in time I might tear myself away from Poland. Since my brother was a correspondent for an American newspaper, I had some connection with America. Somewhere inside, the Polish Jews sensed that they were doomed. I knew full well that playing around with women meant toying with lives, but I lacked the character and the strength to heed the voice of my conscience. I belonged to a generation which no longer believed in free will and which based everything on circumstances, ideologies, and complexes.

That night I had slept an hour or two. Suddenly, I awoke. Sabina was bending over me and her hair brushed my face. She too couldn't live like her righteous forebears. Although she was a leftist and I was considered a rightist, we were united by the same passion—to seize every possible pleasure at any price before we vanish forever. □

F.S. Manor

East by Middle East

A lesson in Middle East geography—and Israeli survival.

On Mount of Olives sheep were grazing under the watchful eyes of two Arab shepherds, careful to keep the flock from straying among the tombs of the prophets. In the distance shimmered the two cupolas, the silver cupola of the el-Aqsa mosque where President Sadat went to pray, and the golden cupola of the Dome of the Rock; and beyond them, interspersed among the graceful houses, were the new monstrosities, the gleaming hotel towers, their artless white an affront to the soft pink of the city (Jerusalem has been built almost entirely of the local Judean stone of roseate hue). Millennia rather than centuries meet here in a perpetual clash of incongruities, the most striking mark of this beautiful land. Let me begin with two of them.

The office of the Israeli Minister of Justice was very much like the office of any prominent lawyer. Shelves upon shelves of books—Ottoman law, British common law, Israeli law, all equally valid in this country that since time out of mind has been the bridge between Europe, Asia, and Africa. However, placed on the lowest shelf among the leatherbound law books, and within the minister's easy reach, lay a very businesslike pistol. After talking to us—a small group of Canadian newsmen—for some time with a lawyer's fluency and clarity of mind, the minister explained that he had to attend a cabinet meeting called to deal with such mundane matters as juvenile delinquency. He excused himself, stacked his papers into his briefcase, and then, in what seemed a reflex gesture, reached for his pistol and put it atop his papers. The rule of law, such issues as juvenile delinquency—these are the daily ingredients of a law officer's life, in Israel as in any other western democracy. But at the back of the minister's mind, indeed everybody's mind here, is the paramount concern with sheer physical survival.

Let me contrast this vignette with a different experience. During the years preceding World War Two, I was a foreign correspondent

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in what then was British Palestine. In those years the Arab cities of what today is known as the West Bank were "no-go" areas—to borrow a recent Ulster term. One could not traverse them other than in convoys guarded by British troops. Even so, the convoys were regularly stoned and frequently ambushed.

Forty years later, travelling through the West Bank was not very different from travelling through any Mediterranean country. We drove in a minibus with Hebrew lettering all over it and stopped in Nablus, a prosperous-looking city all white with fresh paint. In 1938, to stop here would have been sheer suicide. In 1978, one searched for a camera shop in Nablus as one would look for film in Bloomington, Indiana. The only uniformed arm of law-and-order we saw was a solitary Arab policeman on traffic duty.

We then proceeded towards the banks of the Jordan River, driving among olive groves and past lemon trees heavy with fruit, watching multicolored birds flit from tree to tree. It was a lovely landscape: the mauve Moab hills in the distance, the spring grass, flowers clustered under the trunks of olive trees. The narrow road wound past Arab villages where people were busy at their appointed tasks. Our passage created no greater stir than a wave of hand from a naked child, or a short bark from a dog contesting the contents of a rubbish dump with an emaciated goat. There were no patrols on the road, no police forts along the ambush-prone curves. There was little traffic: only an occasional truck carrying West Bank produce to Jordan, sedately rumbling in the middle of a road on which, 40 years ago, only a heavily armed British patrol would have dared to venture.

Our guide, an Israeli lieutenant, his naked pistol stuck in the waistband of his trousers, busied himself with books relating to his Ph.D. thesis. Here was yet another mixture of traditions: a military tradition that had lapsed for two and a half millennia (it was a Jewish garrison that around 500 B.C. guarded the strategically important Elephantine Island on the Nile, protecting the Egypt of the Pharaohs against incursions from the south); and the abiding ambition to be a *Herr Doktor, Monsieur le Professeur,* or a Cambridge Triple First (as is Abba Eban, Israel's former foreign minister). The tradition of learning, one that has endured since the scribes recorded the deeds of King David, continues to stir the Jewish soul even when clad in the martial trappings of Israeli officers.

The very old and very new are constantly juxtaposed in Israel. The shepherds on Mount of Olives could have been King David's contemporaries. Yet a few miles to the south, on the Dead Sea, the Israelis expect to convert solar heat into enough cheap electrical power to meet the energy requirements not only of Israel but of much of the Middle East. Solar energy, powering industries that would exploit the minerals that abound in the Dead Sea, could turn the area into the Arab-Jewish workshop of the Middle East and transform Jordan, today an impecunious pensioner of the Saudis, into an important industrial power.

"Of course, it can all be wasted if people will not be rational," an Israeli engineer concluded his briefing.

Can people be rational? Some Arabs on the West Bank have come forward with highly rational proposals. One Arab mayor spoke to us of a new confederation encompassing Jordan, the West Bank, and the Gaza Strip. Not that there is any great love lost between the West Bank Arabs and King Hussein of Jordan: The mayor spoke with bitterness of the Jordanian rule before the 1967 Six-Day War. He told us of thousands of political prisoners, of grim concentration camps in the desert, of a colonial structure wherein every official, including policemen above the rank of corporal, had to come from Jordan proper. Even so, he said, such a federation would be indispensable, provided King Hussein was content with the role of a constitutional monarch, and would leave the people of each canton to look after their own affairs. (The attitude reminded me of the scene in *Fiddler on the Roof*: God keep the King, but keep him far away.)

In the mayor's scheme, the West Bank and Gaza would be demilitarized. There would be a common market and open borders between Israel and the new federation. Looking out of his office window at the sabbath throng of Israelis, he said: "I want Israelis to continue shopping here. I want them to come here sightseeing. And I want the thousands of our people who every day go to work in Israel to continue working there."

But how can one reconcile this rational solution with the ambitions of Yasir Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization, ambitions recklessly encouraged by the Carter administration? If the West Bank is to be demilitarized, what will happen to the PLO armies, equipped with sophisticated Soviet weapons, now deployed in Lebanon and Syria?

"They will be disbanded," the mayor said firmly, and I wondered. What will happen to the West Bank moderates when 300,000 refugees now in Lebanon return to the West Bank? (In the UN statistics these refugees have multiplied like the proverbial loaves and fishes; and although miracles did occur in this region, even the prophets of old would have found it difficult to turn these 300,000 refugees into a throng of 3.5 million—the UN figure.) The mayor was certain that the refugees would be absorbed by the peace-loving West Bank population. He was full of optimism. Together, the Israelis and Palestinians could accomplish wonders: joint research, joint development, joint business ventures. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm at about the same time the PLO was working out the last tactical details of the murder of President Sadat's editor-friend, the hijacking of a Cypriot plane, and the bestial massacre of Israeli holiday travellers near the beaches of Tel Aviv.

No wonder Israel is obsessed with security, a word heard at every discussion of the future of the Middle East. There was no Israeli cabinet minister, official, academic, or farmer to whom I spoke who had not had a close brush with death, not because of the violent times in which we live, but because he or she was Jewish. There are the European Jews here who either survived or escaped the Nazi holocaust. There are the Oriental Jews who had known centuries of pogroms and the contempt of Islam for infidels, and for Jews in particular. There are the native-born Israelis who have known three aggressive wars waged by the Arabs with the explicit purpose of annihilating the Jewish state and its people.

One of these native-born Israelis is Sonja, a Ph.D. candidate in science at the famous Weizmann Institute and a social worker active among the disadvantaged children of the Oriental community to which she belongs. Added to which, she is a strikingly attractive young woman.

We met in an Oriental café in a suburb of Tel Aviv where the jukebox was blaring, a café that had none of the sedate attributes of a Viennese coffeehouse, the replicas of which once dotted Tel Aviv's Allenby Street. This was Algeria, or Morocco, not Vienna or Cracow, another pointer that 51 percent of Israelis come from Arab countries.

"People who were born in Israel have a feeling of being suffocated," Sonja said. "We know we are different from the others. We are surrounded. Perhaps it is a complex that we think so much about borders, about security, because we know that as long as the security areas remain in our hands we shall be safe. Perhaps it is our complex, but this is our feeling, this is how we have been living here for the past 30 years." She added that she was still optimistic. "We have no other choice but to be optimistic."

When one views the topography of Israel from the terrain, rather than from lofty editorial chairs or from the snug offices of cabinet ministers and secretaries of state haunted by the specter of another oil boycott, security quickly ceases to appear as an obsession.

We visited one of the new settlements on the West Bank: a few prefabricated huts clustered around a massive stone tower. No other houses were in sight, only stunted trees and bushes asserting themselves in the unfriendly boulder-strewn soil, and one wonders why anybody would have called this the land of milk and honey.

Thirty-nine families with 135 children occupy the barren land. The smaller children were having classes on a sunbathed terrace as one of the women, a North American, explained their plans:

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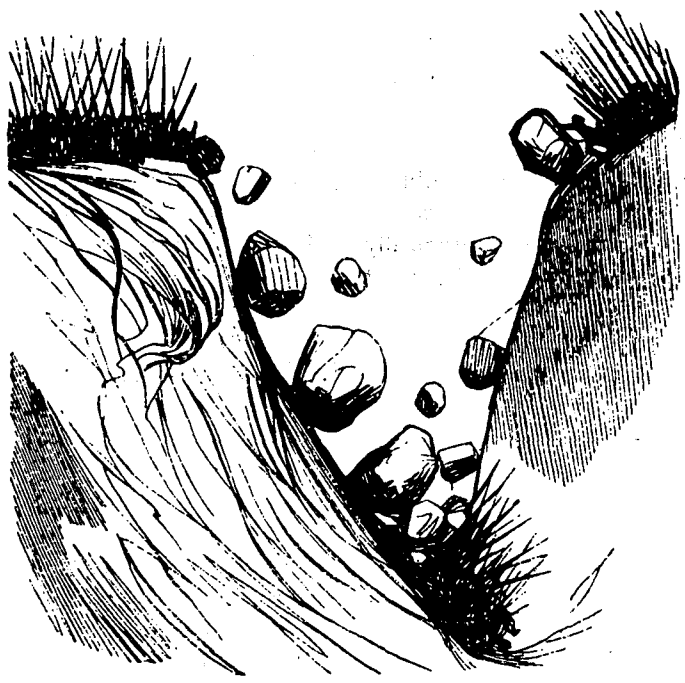
They want to build a city here, with computers, electronic gadgetry, and, she emphasized, "non-polluting industry." Except for a solitary guard patrolling the settlement with an automatic rifle, there were no men around. The men work in the Israeli cities in the plain below. One woman was getting into a late-model car to drive into town with her neighbors' and her own shopping lists. Once again, I was struck by the incongruity between the automatic rifle of the guard and the nonchalant manner of the woman driving away as if she still were a New Jersey suburban housewife going to the local supermarket.

One cannot dismiss the idealism of these people who were not refugees from East European pogroms nor survivors from death camps, but who came from comfortable North American homes or equally comfortable apartments in Tel Aviv and Haifa. They live in barracks in an unfriendly wilderness, never certain whether the women and children who stay alone in the settlement during the day will not be ambushed and massacred. And yet they behave as if theirs were a wholly normal existence. They clear the stones around their settlement, they plant flowers and fragrant bushes outside the barracks, they dream of their non-polluting city.

Below, one could see the teeming plain where the bulk of the Israelis live. "One man with a Katyusha rocket-launcher standing on this hill could cause a frightful havoc down below," our lieutenant guide remarked professionally. And one wonders whether the dream of the city will ever come true. At the moment, the women and children, and their men when they return from work, keep the man with the Katyusha away. So the settlements remain, despite Jimmy Carter's displeasure.



Ground and geography still have a crucial importance for Israel's defense even in these days of supersonic planes and missiles. The entire country approximates a long border, a bridge, and it has always been so. All over the region one sees castles of the Crusaders, who in their architecture skillfully blended the then highly developed western military building technique with the architectural innovations of the Byzantines. The castles protected the Latin Kingdom's communications between Damascus and Jerusalem, and now stand in the very places that remain crucial for the defense of Israel.

We looked at the magnificent Beaufort castle across the Israeli-Lebanese border. Built by Fulk of Anjou in about 1140, the castle stands on the crest of a cliff rising steeply above the bend in the Litani valley where the river turns westward to reach the sea north of Tyre. From below, Beaufort has the most dramatic silhouette of all the castles, but today it is a PLO stronghold. Indeed, as we looked at it from the Israeli side we could hear small-arms fire coming from the castle grounds and directed at the Christian centers just beyond the "good fence." (This is the Israeli security fence through which Christian Lebanese come to Israel to work or to receive medical attention.) If it had not been for the Israelis the PLO ensconced at Beaufort would have long ago wiped out the Christian town of Marj Ayun. Thus, nine centuries after the collapse of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, the Crusaders' castles continue to play an important strategic role.

When President Carter and Prime Minister Begin speak of security, they are discussing two different concepts. To President Carter, primed by the State Department, security means the unimpeded flow of Arab oil. To the Israelis, security means their lives. Those who have crawled through the old Syrian bunkers on the Golan Heights, bunkers that were almost literally within spitting distance of old, established Israeli villages, those who have looked at the Israeli Mediterranean shore from the old Jordanian forts on the West Bank, cannot but be filled with dismay at the fatuity of the President's words. How, in the light of the rapid development of weapons technology over the past decade, can one now talk with such unconcern about turning back the clock and returning to a situation that even 11 years ago was fraught with great dangers?

The dangers already are evident, in particular in the wake of the Israeli action in southern Lebanon. The contents and the layout of the PLO's bases overrun by the Israeli forces bear out earlier intelligence reports that the PLO was getting ready for a new military offensive against Israel. It is now surmised that the Tel Aviv massacre of March 11 was to be the opening shot of this offensive. Some of the command posts, fighting positions, and arms caches captured by the Israelis were deeply dug in. So much military construction had been going on in southern Lebanon over the past few months that the PLO had to import building materials from Eastern Europe, and indeed most of the fortifications were built under the direction of Yugoslav and East German military engineers.

Having seen this spring the friendliness of the south Lebanese farmers and soldiers as they crossed into Israel through the "good fence," and having heard in what was allegedly peacetime the PLO gunfire directed from the Beaufort castle at Lebanon's Christian villages, I fail to understand the dogmatic attitude of Washington, which in the Middle East as in Africa appears so desperately anxious to placate what obviously are implacable forces.

The Middle East is an area of inherent instability. The concept of a comprehensive settlement of all Middle East issues is a deceitful mirage befooling a Washington bureaucracy that has never been farther than the computer room.

"A man suffering from ten diseases cannot be cured of all of them in ten days," the Arab West Bank mayor said apropos these grandiose schemes. There may be an accommodation that could gradually grow into an understanding. But there can no more be a comprehensive settlement in the Middle East than there can be between the United States and the Soviet Union, or between Moscow and Peking.

At present one can define two basic areas of instability:

1. The inherent instability within the Arab world, where there is a constant changing of alliances, friendships, and enmities. One merely has to recall the brief history of the "United Arab Republic" of Egypt and Syria which ended in a war and a lasting Egyptian-Syrian distrust, or the "federation" of Egypt, the Sudan, and Libya that also ended in a war, to realize how quickly the mood changes among the Arab leaders.

At present, a war is going on between Algeria and Morocco. Saudi Arabia feels menaced by Yemen. Even within the Rejectionist Front of the Arab states opposed to President Sadat's initiative there is the deep-seated antagonism between Syria and Iraq. The Syrians are quite unpredictable, and they have a tank force bigger than that of all the European nations in NATO; added to which, the combined air forces of Syria and Iraq are larger, and more modern, than the combined air forces of Britain and France.

2. The second area of instability—especially in view of the efforts at an Egyptian-Israeli understanding, an initiative that at the time of writing is still ticking over—is President Sadat's *modus operandi*. He is a strong man with a good mind, but he is not one of the world's great workers. He spends little time reading papers,

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most information being fed to him orally by his staff. This makes it difficult for him to analyze various developments, and causes him to make decisions on the basis of moods rather than cool analysis. Under these circumstances, there can be no question of continuity, nor of certainty as to his intentions.

At Christmas in Ismailia, President Sadat agreed to Mr. Begin's proposal that the Sinai be demilitarized. A week later Mr. Sadat went back on this agreement, claiming that the Egyptian army must have the right to deploy anywhere on Egyptian soil. (The Sinai has belonged to Egypt only since 1906, when the British decided that it was required for the defense of the Suez Canal. The British then positioned two gunboats, one in the Mediterranean and one in the Gulf of Aqaba, and their surveyors drew a straight line between the two ships. Thus an international border was created, and the Sinai was handed over to Egypt, then a British protectorate.)

The Israelis cannot but wonder which is the true Sadat: the one who a year ago said he was willing to sacrifice three million Egyptians to recover Arab lands occupied by Israel; or the one who said that if his visit to Jerusalem saved even a single Egyptian soldier from suffering a superficial flesh wound, he has accomplished his life's purpose.

"Unlike an American film, the Arab-Israeli peace negotiations began in reverse: with a happy-end," Shimon Peres, the leader of the Israeli Labor Party and a former long-time defense minister, said to us. "And now we have the film." □

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

A Conversation with Raymond Aron

France has just passed through one of the most important elections of the postwar period. The outcome not only frustrated French leftists, but leftists all over Europe. Immediately after the election R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., interviewed Raymond Aron, the renowned French philosopher and journalist who has spent more than a generation arguing against the European Left. What follows is the text of their conversation, which took place at the offices of the magazine L'Express.

Tyrrell: I take it you are pleased about the government's victory over the Left in the election.

Aron: Yes, I prefer that to the opposite. In a sense it is a success.

Tyrrell: In light of freedom's condition in Eastern Europe I should have thought a large number of voters would have feared for their freedoms when confronted with the prospect of Communists in government.

Aron: Yes and no. First, the Communists have been saying that if they come to power they will respect the traditional freedoms of the French. Second, the Communists would be a minority in any Socialist-Communist government. Third, the majority of French do not believe that the equivalent of the Prague coup is possible in Western Europe, in a country like France. So you meet a very large number of people who are still devoted to the cause of the Left, who are voting for the Left, and who would tell you that Communist participation in the government poses no threat to our freedoms. It was the government which tried to exploit this fear in order to win the election. The government had three main arguments: 1) the Socialist-Communist program is a program of inflation, and it is absurd; 2) the sort of socialist society they want to construct would inevitably go in the direction of the Soviet system; and 3) the socialists are bringing to power the Communists, and even if they are able to expel the Communists after a certain number of months or years, in the interim the Communists would have conquered a part of French society.

Tyrrell: Some economists have said that the intellectual defense of the capitalist system is too complicated to make in a political forum. Is there any truth to this?

Aron: Yes, there is a large amount of truth to it. It is very easy for economists to explain why a minimum wage increases unemployment and hurts the real interests of the workers. But to explain that to people who have no idea how a free economy functions is difficult. You must show that it is not possible to increase the minimum wage without affecting all wages, and that an increase in the minimum wage will make it more difficult for enterprises to hire new workers. It is possible to explain these things quietly to students; it is difficult to explain them in a political meeting to a mass public. Indeed, this is one of the main weaknesses of a free society and a free economy.

Tyrrell: Some very interesting polls came out before the election which showed that, though a majority of people were going to vote for the Left, an even larger majority did not want the Left to win. A still larger number—some 70 percent—said they were very content with their own lives. How do you explain this?

Aron: It was interesting. Consistently there was a majority of people wishing for the victory of the government; just as consistently, according to the polls, there was a majority of people who intended to vote for the Left. But the polls were wrong, or the people changed their minds at the last minute. Many people I know told me: "Yes, certainly the program of the Left is bad, is inflationary, and in a certain way I would prefer a government victory. But I would *never*, never vote for men like Giscard or Chirac." Many people vote for the opposition for ideological reasons quite apart from any calculation of the consequences of a victory either for the Left or the Right. Maybe it is the same everywhere: that the motive for voting is largely the way people look at the world, and does not involve abstract consideration of the advantages of this program or that. In the United States there is a tendency for Jews to vote for the Democrats and for another category of people to vote for the Republicans. Even so, the mobile part of the electorate in the United States is larger than in France, where voting is to a large extent the expression of a traditional allegiance to a certain way of life or view of the world.

Tyrrell: Why is it that such a large percentage of Frenchmen vote, some 85 percent in this election, while such a small percentage of Americans vote?

Aron: There are a lot of reasons for this. First, I would say that the French people are very politicized. France is a very centralized country. Everybody in France knows the importance of who's in power in Paris. They know that their destiny is to a large extent determined by what happens in Paris. The relation between France and Paris is unique, and the interest that the French people

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take in politics is perfectly rational because of this relation. Beyond that, during the last twenty years there has been such a large change in French society, such urbanization, that the number of people who are profoundly interested in the political game is very large. In the case of the United States, I believe the fact that the difference between the Democratic and Republican parties (leaving aside the relative qualities of the man in power) is so narrow compared to the gap between the opposition and the government in France explains why so many millions of Americans don't care very much about what happens in Washington. What is happening in their local communities seems to be of greater interest for them.

Tyrrell: Has there been a shift in the ideological views of the French intellectuals in recent years?

Aron: You put to me the question of the so-called new philosophers. There has been so much talk about the new philosophers. Their books are best-sellers, although I don't know how many people really read their books; that is another question. But it is true that at the higher level of the intelligentsia in Paris there is a trend away from the leftism of the previous generation. The success of the philosophers is not an intellectual event of great significance, but it is a political event of real significance.

Tyrrell: Haven't people like Jean-François Revel had a change of position?

Aron: Yes. My friend Jean-François Revel was more or less a socialist a few years ago. He has had real success with his books, which are very good. But, after all, there are always some people who are reexamining leftism. *The Opium of the Intellectuals*, which I wrote in 1955, had even then a relatively great impact on the intellectual discussion. It was, I believe, the first book of this type, after the war, which tried to explain the absurdity of Sovietism and the attachment of the French intellectuals to the dream of Soviet socialism. Jean-François Revel performed the same task from another point of view, in another style, with other words. His was very different from my own effort, but the message of his books is essentially the same as that of my own book. With the new philosophers a new generation is expressing its repudiation of leftism, but they are not drawing the consequences of this repudiation, because they are not on the side of a liberal society. It is better that they reject the Soviet system, but they have not converted to the liberal, progressive society.

Tyrrell: Revel advocated socialism only a year ago. Yet today, he expresses doubts. The other day he even had a kind word for Milton Friedman.

Aron: Yes, I had a conversation with Revel and asked him: "Why do you call yourself a socialist when you're not? If you recognize now that a market economy is probably better for the freedom of the people and for productivity, why should you say that you are a socialist?" Normally, when one speaks of socialism one means public ownership of the means of production, or planning. But Jean-François favors neither public ownership nor planned economies. So I do not know in what sense he is a socialist.

Tyrrell: Is there an interest among young people in France, among scholars and young intellectuals, in the ideas of the free market as expressed by Milton Friedman?

Aron: Only a few people really know of Friedman. Personally, I am not liberal to the same extent as Friedman because I believe his system is impossible, even if it is the best system in theory. But in France we have an economy which is half state-planned, with the intervention of the state everywhere. Ours is the least liberal economy of the western world or at least of Western Europe. For the time being we still retain certain aspects of a liberal economy; but the intervention of the state, price and wage fixing, nationalization, etc.—all that is very far from a free economy. From your perspective, ours is not a half-free but probably a three-quarters non-free liberal economy. So the influence of Milton Friedman is yet to come in France; and, after all, his monetarist theory is still under discussion in America.

Tyrrell: Some American intellectuals, some neo-conservatives, will say that the bad economic condition of England has removed social democracy or socialism as a feasible alternative. Has it had that kind of influence in France?

Aron: I'm afraid not enough. British decline is certainly an argument I use from time to time. But the economic decline of Great Britain was caused not only by the Labour Party but also by the Conservative Party. In Great Britain even the socialists are trying to re-create free enterprises able to invest—which is the key problem. But it's easier to say than to do. The enterprises must have the financial means to invest, which implies a margin of profit. The fact remains that after the war the national product of Britain was between 25 and 50 percent above the French national product. And today the French national product is at least 30 percent above the British national product. It may be that within the next years there will be another change, that with the help of the North Sea oil there will be a new prosperity in Britain. Nothing is assured in these matters.

Tyrrell: As a French writer looking across the Atlantic, are you pleased by what you see in the Carter administration?

Aron: No. I despair.

Tyrrell: Why is that?

Aron: Because there is no administration. The condition for the stability of the world is that the United States exist. The United States is still a very powerful country, but a powerful country without a leader and without will does not exist. In France, we go along without a real government for a few years without changing the destiny of the rest of the world. But when the United States has no administration for a few years, or the administration has no will, or a president has been paralyzed by the Congress (which is more or less the present situation), everybody feels the impact of the void.

Tyrrell: You mean you don't find President Carter's stirring human-rights statements a kind of leadership?

Aron: I've supported him on that issue many times. But the world being what it is, talk of human rights is not enough. When there is a problem with oil, human rights is no answer. When the Cubans are intervening in Ethiopia, human rights is no answer. When there is a problem with the dollar or with the French economy, human rights is not enough. It's excellent to have good feelings. I am not cynical enough to say that to have a good policy you cannot have *des bons sentiments*, but I would say that it is not enough to be a statesman to wish the best for everybody.

Tyrrell: What kind of policy would you have had Carter pursue in Ethiopia, for instance?

Aron: I don't know, possibly the best policy would have been to do what he did: namely, to have abstained. But when he decided to abstain, he should not have then asked Moscow to be moderate. That was silly. If you do not want to intervene for one reason or another—because you believe that Somalia is in the wrong, or because you believe that the conflict is of no importance for the rest of the world—it is a feasible policy to abstain. But it is necessary, if one abstains, at the same time to give the impression of will and decisiveness, not to ask the Soviets to be kind. That is ludicrous, and when a great power is a laughingstock, that is very bad. I do not know what policy is best in Africa, but I do feel that the moderate governments in Africa today suspect that if they are having difficulty nobody will help them. And that means "running

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to the wagon''—I believe that is the expression you use. If the wave of the future is the Soviet Union, or Cuba, if the sea-lanes for the shipment of oil to Europe are controlled by the Soviet government through satellites, that is a geopolitical fact of a certain importance. Maybe we cannot avoid such a development, but at least it would be good to give the impression of being conscious of the problem.

Tyrrell: But surely Andrew Young is providing leadership for the moderate nations in Africa?

Aron: I believe the opposite is true. Young is of course against South Africa and Rhodesia. He believes that it is of no importance that certain African governments speak of themselves as pro-Soviet. He is convinced that, in the long run, these governments will be independent from the Cubans or the Soviets. It is a plausible argument, but for the moderates, who feel themselves in a difficult position, it is of no great help. But I do not want to explain what western policy in Africa should be. From the outside I see a Young line, a Brzezinski line which is very different, Vance's negotiations which are not very successful, and an unknown Carter. □

Victor Baras

Under East German Eyes

As long as East-West contacts are based on governmental sufferance rather than individual rights, East Germany can survive a great deal of exposure to the West.

Can Communist societies survive exposure to the West? The rulers of East Germany think so. No other Communist country is so flooded with western visitors and western culture as the German Democratic Republic. Yet the GDR is in many ways the most successful Communist country in the world. It is the most highly industrialized, the most prosperous, and among the most stable. And East Germany's standard of living, unlike that of other relatively well-to-do Communist states such as Poland and Hungary, is not based on the widespread restoration of petty private enterprise. Socialism in the GDR is run pretty much by the book. In fact, East Germany probably comes closer than any other country to what Marx had in mind—state ownership of the means of production, collectivized agriculture, central planning, and a modern technological economy.

All this despite East Germany's exposed position. The GDR is part of a divided country. Unlike the other states of Eastern Europe, it is not sealed off from the West by natural barriers of distance, language, or nationality. Even during the chilliest days of the Cold War, most East Germans were in touch with friends and relatives in the West. Radio and television from West Germany and West Berlin have always blanketed the GDR. And while the Berlin Wall has stopped the mass exodus of East Germans to the West, West Berlin remains a troublesome western outpost deep inside GDR territory.

In recent years East Germany has been more exposed than ever to travellers and ideas from the West. The reason is West Germany's *Ostpolitik*, the German variant of détente. When Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party came to power in 1969, West Germany abandoned her traditional refusal to recognize the GDR. Brandt gave the East Germans their long-desired objective—diplomatic recognition. But in return he made the GDR agree to permit a vast increase in ''human contacts'' between the two states. These contacts did not come gradually as a side effect of political détente; they represented a grudging concession by the GDR in order to achieve détente.

The results of Brandt's policy were spectacular. In 1976 about eight million westerners visited the GDR, a country of 17 million people; this was nearly triple the 1970 figure. Road and rail traffic through East Germany to West Berlin doubled after the signing of the Four Power Agreement in 1971, with the rate currently at 15 million passengers a year. Residents of West Berlin (who, under the city's Four Power status, are not citizens of West Germany) now visit the East more than three million times a year; before 1972 the figure was zero. All told, more westerners now pass through the GDR every year than East Germany has citizens.

Travel from East to West is another story, since travel to the West is forbidden to most East Germans. Visas are normally granted only to those who cannot work—retired people and invalids. In this category travel has increased from a million persons a year before 1972 to 1.3 million in 1976. These travellers bring back gifts and first-hand information from the West. Also, since 1972 about forty thousand East Germans of working age have been permitted each year to visit parents, children, or siblings in the West for ''urgent family matters'' (while leaving their own spouses and children in the GDR).

Postal and telephone communications have also improved. In 1970 there were only 34 telephone lines linking West Germany with the GDR, and it took hours or days to get a connection. Calls between East and West Berlin had to be relayed by way of Western Europe. By 1976 there were more than 700 East-West lines, including 441 within Berlin. The number of calls in both directions increased from a million in 1969 to 15 million in 1975. Letters between East and West are now generally delivered in less than five days, compared to weeks or months before 1970. West Germans mail about 30 million parcels to the East every year, East Germans about ten million to the West.

The West German government's contribution to the cost of East-West contacts—visa fees, maintenance of road and telephone lines, postal charges, and so on—is a major source of foreign exchange for the GDR.

The East German authorities view all this contact with the West as a potential source of unrest, but they have ways of coping with it. For one thing, the East German government is not highly vulnerable to adverse public opinion. There are 300,000 Soviet troops to keep the people from rebelling and 50,000 border guards to keep them from leaving. In addition the state maintains a virtual monopoly on the necessities and luxuries of life, from employment and housing to vacation opportunities and scarce consumer goods. Thus, while East Germans get many of their tastes from the West, they never forget that they get their bread and butter in the East.

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The GDR conducts an organized campaign to limit the effect of increased contact with the West. The campaign is known officially as *Abgrenzung*, "demarcation" or, less literally, "isolation." The GDR's purpose, in the words of First Secretary Erich Honecker, is "to rebuff all attempts to conduct espionage, sabotage, and ideological diversion under the banner of 'freedom of information' and 'human contacts.' "

Abgrenzung went into high gear in 1972, just as the great influx of westerners was beginning. In one of its more harmless manifestations it took the form of exhortations to East Germans to avoid or report all conversations with westerners. Far more effective was the extension of the GDR's list of "secret-carriers," East Germans who are forbidden by law to have unauthorized contact with persons from the West. Since November 1972 this category has included most of the managerial and technical personnel of the GDR—an estimated one to two million people out of a work force of less than nine million.

Even many East Germans who are not actually forbidden to associate with westerners do not actively seek out western contacts. Although the GDR seems to be awash with foreigners, their presence is largely taken for granted. East Germans maintain family ties with the West, but such connections tend to be rather unpolitical. It is not that people are not interested in the West. They are. They watch West German television almost exclusively, and they prize western clothes. If given the opportunity to visit the West, most of them would go and many would stay. But since they cannot go, there is nothing to be gained by consorting gratuitously with westerners.

The sealed border to the West forces East Germans to come to terms with life in their own country. This is why the abolition of travel restrictions is out of the question for the GDR. Nearly three million people fled East Germany before the Berlin Wall closed the last avenue of escape in 1961. East German spokesmen are not bashful about the importance of preventing people from leaving. They promulgate draconian laws forbidding "flight from the Republic" and "anti-state trafficking in human beings" (organizing an escape attempt). Politburo member Konrad Naumann has called the Berlin Wall "part of our revolutionary tradition." And Erich Honecker, rejecting western pleas for an open border, described the Wall as "the foundation of our peace and security, that is, the highest good of mankind."

Contrary to a widely-held opinion, the closed border does not serve primarily to shield East Germans from the truth about the West. Western ideas, western entertainment, western goods, and westerners are readily available for the inspection of most East Germans. The purpose of the Wall is not to prevent people from learning about the West but to prevent them from going there—for fear they will not return.

The ban on travel to the West is a feature of East German life that everyone finds oppressive, and the recent influx of travellers has further irritated this raw nerve. The government has tried to relieve some of the population's wanderlust by easing travel restrictions to other countries of the Soviet bloc. In 1972 visa requirements were abolished for travel to Poland and Czechoslovakia. Since then, according to GDR reports, nine to 12 million East Germans have visited these countries annually, and millions more have travelled elsewhere in the bloc. Eastern Europe is far from homogeneous, and tourism within the bloc does afford certain pleasures. In Poland, for example, censorship is more lax than in the GDR, and a visitor from East Germany may experience the way of life as relatively "western."

Nevertheless, freedom to travel to the West remains just about the most sensitive issue in East Germany. One of the successes of the *Ostpolitik* was that the GDR agreed to permit a small amount of emigration of working-age people for purposes of "family reunification." The news that the authorities were letting some people go, in conjunction with the spirit of Helsinki, caused many East Germans to apply for exit visas. GDR officials denied western reports that the number of applicants was as high as two hundred thousand, but they conceded that there were tens of thousands. The problem was so serious that the leadership sent out confidential directives ordering that most applications be rejected out of hand and that applicants be reminded of possible sanctions. Persons who persisted in resubmitting applications have been subject to demotion, firing, and arrest.

Détente has also caused some ferment recently among East German artists and intellectuals. During the 1950s and 1960s, control of intellectual life in the GDR was unusually rigid, even by the standards of Eastern Europe. At the same time, East Germany's intellectuals were relatively docile in comparison with those of other Soviet-bloc countries. There were some interesting dissidents, but for the most part the intellectuals were about the most successfully co-opted class in the GDR in the 1960s—perhaps because so many anti-Communists had left the country before 1961. The replacement of First Secretary Walter Ulbricht by Erich Honecker in 1971 signalled a slight relaxation of cultural censorship, at least for a time. Some authors were permitted to publish in the West books banned in the GDR, and in at least one case an East German book published first in the West was later issued in the GDR.

By the summer of 1976, the authorities decided things had gone far enough. They announced a shift to a harder line with the imposition of house arrest on the country's most prominent dissident, the scientist Robert Havemann. Then, in November, poet-singer Wolf Biermann was involuntarily expatriated while on tour in West Germany. (Like most East German dissidents, Biermann is a Communist. He joined the West German branch of the Spanish Communist Party, since the CP of West Germany is controlled by the GDR.)

The expulsion of Biermann provoked an unprecedented outcry from the cultural establishment of the GDR. A number of artists and writers, representing a virtual Who's Who in East German arts and letters, signed a petition of protest. The authorities responded sharply, and within a week the East German press was able to print a handful of recantations. The sanctions imposed on the prominent signers of the petition ranged from reprimands to harassment and expulsion from the country. Less prominent supporters of Biermann were arrested, and many were subsequently expelled. At the same time, several works by authors who had signed the petition were published in the GDR more or less on schedule. In short, while some signers were punished outright, others were brought to heel with reminders of how much they stood to lose.

The new restiveness of East Germany's intellectuals is part of the price the GDR is paying for increased East-West contact. So far it is a price the regime can afford; the dissidents are more of an embarrassment than a problem. They pose no immediate threat to the power of the government. But they do challenge the regime's authority, and the government feels it must respond in order to deny them the respectability of toleration.

The GDR will be content if it can contain dissent at about the present level. In the long run, of course, the dissidents may cause real trouble, especially if other things go wrong, such as a slowdown in economic growth and continuing fragmentation of the world Communist movement. But for the time being East

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Germany can take comfort in the fact that it has a smaller dissident problem than neighboring countries that are less exposed to the West, such as Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the USSR.

On balance, the GDR has done well by her decision to grant more "human contacts" in exchange for détente. The end of East Germany's international isolation has given the country a new self-assurance as well as improved access to western business, western tourists, and western money. And by making some concessions on human contacts, the GDR has given the West a certain stake in the status quo. West German police, for example, no longer encourage East Germans to escape to the West by way of the Berlin *autobahn*, for such "abuse of the transit roads" would force the East Germans to go back to inspecting every vehicle themselves, thus inconveniencing western travellers.

The GDR has managed to give the West Germans much of what they wanted—increased contacts—without giving them what they really wanted—liberalization and progress toward reunification. The East German regime is as repressive as before the *Ostpolitik*, and political relations between the two German states are terrible, human contacts notwithstanding. Germany is less divided as a result of détente, but it is no more unified.

Nor has the increase in human contacts led to a dramatic reduction of tensions in Central Europe. The world's greatest concentration of firepower is still to be found on the two sides of the intra-German border, and the area has witnessed a significant military build-up in recent years. The great issues of war and peace are not determined by the fact that West German fishermen now fish in East German waters, that coal miners now dig together in border areas, or that West Berlin's garbage is now dumped in the East.

Above all, human contacts have not bridged the fundamental differences of principle that separate East and West. When the issue is drawn clearly, the two sides are as far apart as ever. A recent example is the case of Werner Weinhold, a young East German who made his way to the West by killing two GDR border guards. The East German government demanded his return to stand trial for murder. The West Germans ruled "self-defense" and let Weinhold go free. The East Germans responded by putting a $40,000 reward on his head. Weinhold went into hiding in the West.

The difference between Werner Weinhold and the millions of travellers who now cross the border legally is at the heart of the GDR's attitude toward contact with the West. The increased contact permitted by the GDR is tolerable to the regime precisely because it is permitted. Hence it is not a fundamental threat to East German Communism but merely an inconvenience, for which the GDR is compensated by recognition, trade, and credits from the West. East Germany can tolerate more contact. What it cannot tolerate is *free* contact. By negotiating with the West, East Germany has redefined the central issue in its own terms—"how much movement" rather than "freedom of movement." As long as East-West contacts are based on governmental sufferance rather than individual rights, the GDR can survive a great deal of exposure to the West. □

Stephen Haseler

The New French Polemicists

Though their ideas are not new, the "new philosophers" of Paris have unburdened themselves of Marxism, no small accomplishment for French intellectuals.

The whole phenomenon of the young Paris *"philosophes"* invites imperious skepticism—at least at first sight. André Glucksmann, Bernard-Henri Lévy, Edgar Morin, Jean Marie-Benoist, all are powerful writers. They are certainly good news politically too, worrying as they do the French left and, in particular, the French Communist Party. The problem seems to lie in the absurdly high expectations that those around them (astute publishers, quick-witted publicity men) have generated on their behalf. Claims are made about the emergence of a new "school" of political thought—a *school* no less, and all within the space of a few years.

Further resistance sets in because of the massive attendant publicity which the "new philosophers" themselves inspire. These young writers are the subjects of lengthy television programs (apparently with large audiences) and color-supplement journalism. They have taken on some of the characteristics of the media personality—a kind of French intellectual equivalent of the Hollywood film star. Their books, for the most part, sell (Glucksmann's most recent, *The Master Thinkers*, was a best-seller). They are sometimes recognized on the street. Even allowing for a native Anglo-Saxon jealousy about the glamor and popularity to which intellectuals can aspire in France, this sort of treatment and response seems a very improbable setting for the arrival of a profound and new philosophy.

Furthermore, the political pedigree of the "new philosophers" must appear to the Anglo-Saxon political mind as rather alarming. For the most part these young thinkers spring out of the fevered world of Paris, 1968. Some of them are former Maoists. Others retain powerful anarchist strains with a continuing and annoying tendency to reject all forms of authority and stability. One is led to wonder how anything coherent or sensible can possibly derive from the shattered illusions of the French leftism of the sixties. Of course, it is unfair and arbitrary to hold against those who have now rethought their position the infantilism of the counterculture to which they once subscribed. Even so, serious political philosophy is not built in a day or upon sudden revelation or by polemical assaults upon a given orthodoxy (whether that orthodoxy be "liberalism," or "conservatism," or even, as in this case, "Marxism"). Rather, it must be a painstaking exercise, something built brick by brick over a long period, if not a lifetime. It is the lack of such sturdy foundations that must preclude the "new philosophers," at least for the moment, from ownership of a new philosophical system. As John L. Hess has observed: "theirs is not

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a movement, nor particularly new, nor a philosophy." And as Glucksmann himself admits: "It's not a new philosophy, but philosophy anew."

What we are presented with by the "new philosophers" is really a new, highly articulate, and persuasive polemicism. Consider these magnificent phrases. From Glucksmann: "We must tear the bandages of Marxism from [our] eyes and discover the truth in the wounds of the masses." From Lévy: "The proletariat in power becomes...new oppression for the benefit of a new prince born on the pyre of disappointed popular hopes." From Michel le Bris, a former Maoist leader: "God is dead, Marx is dead, and I don't feel too well myself." What the "new philosophers" are doing is to articulate, in popular philosophical style, what so many ordinary people feel—a disenchantment with the prevailing left orthodoxies that have sustained western inteliectual-cum-political life since the early sixties, and arguably for some time before. Our grey political leaders in the West may indeed feel the same way, but they apparently can find neither the will nor the words to express this revolt.

The "new philosophers" are in revolt against their own, earlier revolt. They subject each left dogma to devastating scrutiny and find most of them false. History as progress is derided as "reactionary"; the idea of the good society is absurd; optimism is the opium of despots; socialism is "an encyclopaedia of lies." All strong stuff, both resounding and crisp. Furthermore, as they themselves are children of the sixties they are listened to by others who are still captured in its intellectual hegemony. Even *Le Nouvel Observateur* takes them seriously. Fashion, for once, is on the side of the system.

From such an impregnable position—fashionable, exciting, risqué—the "new philosophers" perform an invaluable political service which should not be discounted by more world-weary conservatives or social democrats outside of France. For a start they have given plain, old-fashioned anti-Sovietism a new lease on life. The "new philosophers" have been greatly affected by Solzhenitsyn. Lévy suggests that "Solzhenitsyn is the Shakespeare and Dante of our times," and Glucksmann declares that "what Solzhenitsyn taught us was not the existence of the Gulag, but how to resist it." One may cavil at this because the *existence* of the Gulag was indeed denied, or at the very least ignored, by the French left until quite recently. At any rate, and previous support for the Maoist Gulag notwithstanding, the Soviet variety is no longer ignored. It is, in fact, denounced. Lévy describes the Soviet state as a "reactionary machine," and for Glucksmann it is "fascist." There is still, unfortunately, a residual tendency to use the vocabulary of the sixties ("fascist," "reactionary") in a sloppy and imprecise way. There is also a continuing silliness, particularly on Glucksmann's part (another hangover from the sixties), in attempting to smear Washington with the same brush. In *The Master Thinkers*, Glucksmann sees totalitarianism "in the Washington Pentagon as much as in a remote Cambodian concentration camp." Still, this spurious even-handedness (no doubt a product of Gallic pride as much as anything else, a sin not present in the works of fellow countryman Jean-François Revel) is a decided improvement on the pro-Soviet tunnel vision of the recent French intellectual past. Indeed, the Soviet Union is beginning to loom among the French left as the major threat.

Of course, none of this is new. Men of the left have turned before, with great force, upon the Soviet Union and the Communist parties. Orwell and Koestler led an earlier, postwar generation away from the lies and treachery of Communism. These earlier anti-Communists still seem more profound in their denunciations of left totalitarianism than the "new philosophers," and they were certainly less flashy. But the same thing from the children of the sixties? And from the French intellectual left?

The Soviet Union certainly takes these young Frenchmen very seriously. It attacks them with a vituperation usually reserved for "NATO circles." *Literaturnaya Gazeta* calls them "miserable abortions of leftism." But this type of frontal assault only increases the allure surrounding the "new philosophers." Anti-Soviet socialists of the new type (not, let me hasten to add, of the old, social democratic type—the ones proven right all along) become a precious intellectual commodity. And the accolade for this kind of achievement is, nowadays, a trip to an American Ivy League university. Santiago Carrillo, the Spanish Communist leader who has attacked the Soviet Union, is invited to Yale; and Bernard-Henri Lévy has agreed to give some guest lectures at Princeton sometime this year.

Yet, although the "new philosophers" insist that they remain men of the left ("I could never vote for the right wing," insists Lévy), they are no longer, in any real sense, socialists. And herein lies their real interest and, irrespective of their staying power, their potential long-term significance. What is so refreshing about these new polemicists is that they are in no way soft on the issue of Marxism. They set about demolishing it ruthlessly and with obvious relish, with all the zeal of the convert. More tentative, and probably more circumspect, intellectuals (at least in Western Europe) will rarely denounce Marxism in the round, at root. Across a wide political spectrum in the European academies Marxism has such a hold that even among those of the liberal tradition the old man is accorded due deference. It is standard practice, and considered a mark of some intellectual depth, to pay obeisance to some aspect of the Marxist intellectual heritage—"its historical analytical method," or perhaps "its contribution to sociology." Some of this may indeed be valid, but such concessions are inevitably used by the left for purposes of its own.

As long as Marxism remains respectable, free from a central challenge, then the obviously unacceptable practices of official Marxist regimes (whether the Soviet Union or even Cuba, no longer so appealing to the radical young) can be dismissed as *perversions* of the still-intact ideal system. Communist regimes are thereby typed as "degenerate," "deformed," "bureaucratic" workers' states, but they are workers' states nonetheless. Consequently, the argument goes, it is not Marxist theory that is responsible for totalitarianism, rather it is the misapplication of its principles. It is suggested by "Eurocommunist" ideologues that there were bound to be perversions of Marxism in the Soviet or Cuban experience because of the backward nature of these societies at the time of the great revolutions. In Western Europe all will be different. The "transformation to socialism" along Marxist lines will be much more pleasant and acceptable because of the democratic background of these societies and their higher stage of economic development.

By such an intellectual strategem the inherent defects of Marxism are neatly dodged. Marxist theory is unhinged from responsibility for Marxist practice. The socialist dream can go on, uninterrupted by the Soviet nightmare. There is still the possibility of a "democratic path" to socialism, and while such a possibility exists there is no need to think further about anything at all. Michael Harrington, the American "democratic socialist," has been in the forefront of holding out such hope:

> One cannot set a date, or even a decade, when the last scene [of capital-

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ism] will be played out or specify how long it will last. And it would be foolish to suggest that our heirs will necessarily inherit a millennium that will be socialist and humane. The successor to capitalism will be collectivist *of course* [italics added]. That has already been settled....But there are many possibilities within this tendency, the totalitarian, the authoritarian and the democratic socialist among them.

Note here the seductive combination of inevitability and hope. The future, comrades, is *settled* but it need not be nasty. It *can* be "democratic."

The "new philosophers" do not see it this way. Lévy declares of Marxism that "there is no worm in the fruit, no sin was added later, for the worm is the fruit and the sin is Marx." Moreover, he insists that there can be no socialism without terror, no socialism without the gallows. We should "beware of Stalinism with a human face." Glucksmann, too, seizes upon the "sin" of Marxism. The crimes of the Soviet Union, he suggests, are by no means the sole responsibility of Stalin or Lenin or Brezhnev or the party. Marxism itself is to blame as well.

If indeed the "worm is the fruit," and if this can be sustained and developed to the point where it becomes accepted wisdom, then the "new philosophers" will have made a major breakthrough. The children of 1968, no matter their continuing anarchism, have grown up. And they may be an example for others, for they have grown up in a most interesting way. Michel Foucault, an established leftist philosopher, has described the process of their maturing:

In 1968 and even before, we had arrived at this very paradoxical situation, of a movement whose pride and very reason for existence were based on its being on the left, a movement that was hostile to the Communist Party and yet had no way to express itself except in the Marxist vocabulary. This was an intolerable circle of contradiction....But, little by little, its members began to undo the web and unburden themselves from Marxism....And the game they tried to play "For Marxism and against the Communists" was now turned into another game "Against both the Communist Party and Marxism."

To "unburden" oneself from Marxism is for French left-wing intellectuals, and for others who have known nothing else, no meager intellectual feat.

Even so, the "new philosophers" may not be able to go much further, and they could easily run out of steam. They tend to assert their case rather than argue it. They are high on rhetoric and low on analysis. Yet the job they are seeking to do has already been done very effectively by Karl Popper and others. If these young Frenchmen can resurrect him from his present isolation, that alone will be a fateful accomplishment. Indeed they are already discovering some of the better theories of totalitarianism—and its link to Marxism—so prevalent in the days of the "cold war"—when our "inordinate fear" of Communism, and our sense of resistance to it, was still intact. Not only do they echo Popper but they are also arousing interest in Hannah Arendt's analysis of totalitarianism. If these trends can be widened, then a real debate could start about the nature of totalitarianism—and about the real differences between it and authoritarianism. In France, as elsewhere, this is long overdue.

I sense that we may even be on the verge of making the distinction, which came easily to us in the fifties, between right-wing dictatorships, which wither away when the Generalissimo dies or the Junta is overthrown, and left-wing totalitarian regimes which appear to have a greater coherence and lasting power, and are thereby a more potent threat to the democratic process and its systems. Or, to put it another way (as did Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan recently): We should distinguish between those systems, usually totalitarian, that wish to *export* their repression and those, usually authoritarian, that don't. Even the simpleton understands that no matter how obnoxious they may be, neither Chile nor South Africa has submarines lurking around the oil fields in the North Sea. To get this message across to the intellectual community—that it is left totalitarianism that is the real threat to our democratic way of life—is a formidable task.

In Western Europe the reason for such a left bias lies with the powerful allure of Marxism. "Nothing can be all bad if it has ended capitalist exploitation" is the hidden but real impulse that prevents our intellectuals from properly understanding the threat from the East. But perhaps a renewed attack is underway against the intellectual hegemony of Marxism. Consider this earth-shattering statement from Foucault (who gave Glucksmann's most recent book a surprisingly good review): "It is no longer necessarily on the left that one can find the truth; it is not necessarily on the left that one can find a defense of moral values. That is what accounts for the extraordinary reverberations that have been set off by these new books [of the 'new philosophers']."

Truth not necessarily on the left? What, possibly, can be happening in France?

Of course, no one should set overly much store by the "new philosophers" and the reaction to them. They may not have the capacity to develop their ideas much further. Moreover, Marxism is so well entrenched that it may be next to impossible to oust it from the minds of the West European elite. Also, irrespective of the changing battle lines in the world of ideas, the "objective" social and political forces that seemingly impel Western Europe into neutralism and socialism may have established such a beachhead that no amount of last-minute rethinking can turn back the tide.

Whether the publicity and excitement generated by the new polemicists of Paris will have much effect upon the immediate political future of France is highly doubtful. Even in such an ideologically susceptible nation it takes time for new formulations to break through into popular daily politics. Glucksmann and Lévy and Morin say they wish to submit questions to the left-wing parties, socialist and Communist alike. Morin has called for the formation of an "anti-totalitarian committee" for just such a purpose. This is a great advance; some years ago it would have been an "anti-fascist" committee to question Chirac and Giscard! If the "new philosophers" can indeed "tear the bandages of Marxism" from the eyes of the French left, then we will all, even those of us who live in countries that tend to chortle at the notion of a professional philosopher, be in their debt. □

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J. Clayburn La Force

White House Crude

Oil and politics don't mix.

Though the Carter administration has been telling us most solemnly that we are running out of energy, that a grave crisis tantamount to war exists, that we all must suffer in combating the difficulties ahead, and that we can fend off a terrible catastrophe only through pervasive government action, in truth the "energy crisis" is largely a deception. This is not to say that we do not face an energy-resource problem, for we do. Because of growing demand and high-cost development technologies, the price of energy, particularly oil and natural gas, will inevitably rise more rapidly than other prices over the next two or three decades, inducing costly changes in our consumption patterns and production processes. But this is something to which our economy can, if allowed, adjust. Unfortunately, this is a very big "if," for the history of oil and natural gas over the last fifty years has been a quagmire of complex and irrational regulation, and President Carter's proposed national energy plan promises more of the same.

Many of the current predictions of doom are based on a confusion of the concepts of "scarcity" and "shortage." Scarcity simply means that there is not as much of something as we would like—for example, diamonds. Such a good commands a very high price, but anyone with enough money can buy it. Shortage, on the other hand, means that at prevailing prices the amount of an item people want is greater than the amount available, either because it isn't profitable to produce it, or because the owner would rather keep it for his own use. Shortages occur when prices are held below the market-clearing level by governmental controls—of the kind now exercised over the market in natural gas.

Today regulations so distort production and consumption of natural gas that what was once a "pro-consumer" policy has backfired. Long supported by the energy-poor Northeast, regulation now leaves that part of the country in terror each winter, and has been encouraging its industry to move to sunbelt states where natural gas can be bought at uncontrolled prices. While the Arab oil embargo and subsequent increases in the price of substitutes for natural gas have made us very much aware of the natural-gas shortage, it should be emphasized that these are separate phenomena—the current shortage would exist even if the OPEC cartel had never been formed.

In 1938, the Federal Power Commission was created to keep natural-gas prices "just and reasonable" and "not unduly discriminatory" in the interstate market. The FPC's avowed mission was to keep prices low for consumers. Until 1954 the commission used the principle of a "fair-rate-of-return" to regulate interstate prices. In that year, the Supreme Court, in *Philips v. Wisconsin*, expanded the FPC's authority to regulation of the field prices of natural gas.

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At the time, many thought the job impossible. Twenty years of experience have proved them right. The commission first tried setting prices on gas from individual wells, and, as one would expect, the caseload quickly became immense, in fact unmanageable. In addition, many absurd situations developed. For example, gas from a single well might be sold for several different prices if the companies distributing that gas had had different historical operating costs.

To simplify matters, the commission decided in 1960 to adopt a wide-area pricing system. Its first test case, in the Permian Basin of Texas, used up three years in hearings alone. After five years the commission made its decision. Then the appeals started. Not until 1968 was the commission sustained by the Supreme Court—eight years after the proceedings had begun. Until then the industry did not know how prices were going to be set, and lived under the threat of having to make refunds covering nearly a decade's output if the commission decided that interim price increases had been too great. The system of wide-area pricing evolved into a mix of the old well-by-well regulation and pricing schedules applied to entire areas. It continues today, a mysterious hodgepodge. The backlog of cases awaiting decision is in the thousands, and there is no relief in sight.

The FPC did keep the price of natural gas sold in the interstate market fixed at about 1960 prices. In the 1970s, producers found they could sell their gas at substantially higher prices in the intrastate market, where the commission lacked regulatory power. When intrastate prices rose above interstate ones, new supplies of gas, and supplies not committed by long-term contract, were kept from the regulated market. Prices in the intrastate markets have now risen to three and four times the interstate price.

As low prices in the interstate market discouraged production of natural gas, they also encouraged consumers to install gas-specific equipment. Consumption was especially encouraged after the price of oil rose in 1973, since natural gas is often an excellent substitute for oil. Consumers and industry eagerly sought to buy natural gas at 1960 prices instead of petroleum at 1973 OPEC monopoly prices. But it was unavailable. Regulation stimulated demand but slowed delivery of new supplies to the interstate market, and it was not long before a serious shortage developed. In the winter of 1976, the shortage was about nine to ten percent of promised deliveries.

It is remarkable that our government has caused this "crisis," all the while pointing an accusing finger at the gas industry. And it is anomalous that we have a shortage of a product in such potentially great supply. In April 1977, the Energy Resources and Development Administration (ERDA) estimated that, at prices between $2 and $3 a thousand cubic feet, there is enough natural gas, known and unknown, to last for a thousand years at current rates of consumption. This price compares with a current regulated price of $1.47 for new gas, up from 52 cents just a few years ago. Price controls are the sole cause of the limited supply of this clean and relatively plentiful fuel. (Incidentally, the research

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group at ERDA responsible for the report incurred the wrath of the White House and, consequently, no longer exists.)

Much like the market in natural gas, the petroleum market in the United States has been manipulated continuously since 1935. Control of crude oil began during the Depression, as state regulatory commissions estimated the demand and then regulated the output of every well. In the late 1950s, the federal government added restrictions on imports of foreign crude. The purpose of these "quotas" was to raise prices for domestic producers. They were successful.

Those who describe the fifties and sixties as a time of wasteful and excessive use of petroleum are wrong, for during that period higher domestic petroleum prices actually discouraged consumption. In fact, the artificially high prices resulted in factories using less crude oil, houses receiving more insulation, etc. But while the higher prices discouraged domestic consumption, the import quotas along with tax concessions to the industry encouraged domestic output, by making it profitable to produce crude from fields that otherwise would not have been exploited. If there had been no quotas, more cheap foreign oil would have been imported, driving down prices and partially displacing high-cost domestic production. We would have produced less energy domestically, spent less for oil, and consumed more in total.

Economists estimate that controls cost roughly $5 billion a year (in 1969 prices). Domestic crude-oil producers earned about $2.7 billion a year in extra revenues; the other $2.3 billion a year was wasted. It was used to conserve energy in ways that were inefficient, given the existing low world price of energy. (Of course, the energy conservation of the 1960s did have one benefit: When prices rose in 1973, part of the adjustment had already been made.)

By artificially stimulating production, the quotas on foreign crude oil and the oil-depletion allowances left us with smaller domestic oil reserves than we otherwise would have had when we entered the OPEC era. Some of the domestic crude oil consumed in the 1950s and 1960s could have been used in the 1970s as a substitute for high-priced foreign oil. Indeed, if our domestic producers had had that used-up supply, they could have offered OPEC quite a bit more competition.

In the early 1970s, the political tide turned against crude-oil producers. Since then both the consumer and OPEC have been remarkably successful in plundering the owners of domestic crude—just as the owners had earlier increased their wealth at the expense of foreign-oil sellers and domestic energy consumers.

President Nixon gave the crude-oil producers their first big reversal in 1971-1973 by eliminating oil-import quotas and depletion allowances. Both policy changes made domestic crude-oil production less profitable. Even more damaging, however, were price controls, which Nixon initiated throughout the economy in August 1971 and which remained on petroleum even after being lifted from most goods and services in 1972-1973.

The effect has been sharply to reduce domestic production of crude oil. During most of the 1970s, production has been falling at a rate of about four percent per year, making us especially vulnerable to any sharp curtailment in the world supply of crude. In late 1973, the Arabs stopped selling oil to us during the Middle East war; when business resumed, they demanded and received much higher prices. But while the effective cartelization of Arab oil-producers immediately precipitated an energy shortage in the United States, it did not cause it. That was the work of price controls.

At the time of the embargo, controls on refined petroleum prices artificially restrained the supply of gasoline and other products—refiners could not afford to pay the dramatically higher price for crude oil and still send as much gasoline to the market as customers demanded at the low controlled price. As a result, there were long lines at gas stations as well as industrial shutdowns and layoffs. In the absence of price controls, of course, the embargo and the subsequent increase in the price of crude oil (domestic as well as foreign) would have lowered the amount demanded and rationed the available supply among those who valued it the highest.

Price controls also caused substantial differences in profits among refiners. A refiner who was buying a relatively large portion of his crude at about $5.00 per barrel from suppliers subject to controls suddenly had lower average costs of production than a refiner who was purchasing most of his crude from the Arabs. The wealth that would have accrued to domestic oil producers after the OPEC price increase went instead to these lucky refiners.

To remedy this on behalf of the unlucky refiners, the Federal Energy Administration in November 1974 adopted a program under which it issues monthly "entitlements" of controlled crude oil to each refiner. The number of entitlements equals the number of barrels of controlled crude oil that the refiner *would use* if he purchased the national average proportions of controlled and uncontrolled crude. A refiner who uses a proportion of controlled crude larger than the national average receives negative entitlements, and has to buy entitlements from those refiners who use less than the average proportion. In effect, those refiners who originally benefited from the controlled price are forced to compensate those not so favored. If the FEA correctly sets the number of entitlements, it equalizes the *average* crude-oil price paid by all refiners and wipes out the impact of price controls on their profits.

The Entitlements Program subsidizes as well the importation of foreign crude oil, for under the program the marginal cost of imported crude to any refiner is actually less than the price he pays. For example, if a refiner is using large proportions of controlled crude, and thus forced to make entitlements payments to other refiners, he can reduce his required payments by using a larger proportion of uncontrolled, imported crude. So the cost to him of imported oil is the price he pays *less* the reduction in his entitlements payments. Similarly, a refiner already using a greater than average proportion of high-priced imported crude can increase his receipts of entitlements payments by buying more imported oil. To him the cost of imported oil is the price he pays *less* the addition to his entitlements receipts.

In short, all refiners see the cost of imported oil as being less than the OPEC price. Consequently, refiners buy more foreign oil and increase their production of refined products—just as if they had received a subsidy from the government. In fact, the Entitlements Program pays about one-fifth of the current $13 per barrel OPEC price. Foreign sellers of crude oil receive increased revenues of about $7 billion per year (with OPEC getting about $5.5 billion). The greater availability of refined products, and the resulting lower prices, add about $7 billion per year to the wealth of consumers. At the same time, price controls on domestic crude oil deprive its producers of approximately $14 billion per year.

From a government which preaches energy independence come discouragements to domestic energy production and subsidies to the international oil cartel. From a government which preaches demand restraint and conservation—a government which would tell us how to heat our homes and what kind of cars to drive—come subsidized prices for gasoline, heating oil, and other petroleum products. It is this energy policy—the regulation of the petroleum industry—that is responsible for the "energy crisis" we face today.

President Carter's national energy plan would continue the irrational policies we have had for the last forty years. The President says that he wants to reduce consumption and imports, to increase domestic production, and to do this fairly. Translated: He wants to win votes from the coalition of groups which will benefit from his energy policy.

One of the President's main proposals is the extension of price controls on natural gas to the intrastate markets, which are now receiving nearly all new supplies of natural gas. Although prices are high compared to the regulated price, at least there gas is available. (In fact, it is available because the price is higher.) If President Carter's plan is adopted, regulation would effectively reallocate natural gas from the producing states to the Northeast, hurting consumers in the producing states. There are, of course, more votes in the Northeast than in Texas and Louisiana.

President Carter has recommended an increase in the price of

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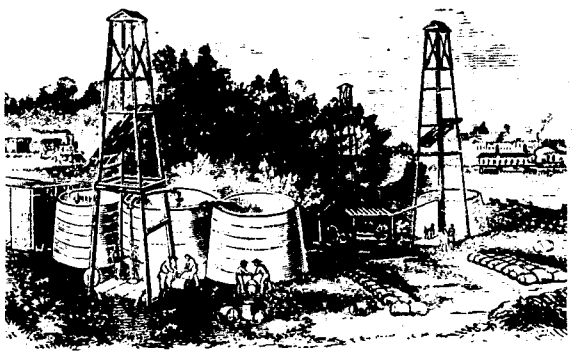
natural gas that would stimulate production and limit consumption. But his price would fall short of satisfying the market. He plans to meet this shortage by importing Algerian or Indonesian gas at a cost of $4.50 per thousand cubic feet—when domestic producers could supply it for about $2.50. The President apparently intends to do whatever is necessary to keep United States producers from making "obscene" profits.

The President's plan also calls for continuation of crude-oil price controls—with some new wrinkles. The $14 billion per year that is now transferred from petroleum producers via price controls would be collected directly by a federal tax on crude oil. The administration would then have $14 billion a year to hand out—supposedly to energy users in the form of income-tax rebates. (This would double the current wealth transfer to energy users.)

To be sure, the President's plan would eliminate the entitlements subsidy on imported crude oil, and thereby reduce part of our demand for imports. But it should be noted that the end of the entitlements subsidy and its $7 billion transfer to foreign oil producers would be accompanied by a purchase of $13.5 billion worth of OPEC crude for the purpose of creating a strategic petroleum stockpile as insurance against another embargo. So while foreign oil producers would continue to reap significant benefits, domestic producers would continue to receive little—either in the form of wealth gains or increased incentives to produce, both of which normally would have followed an increase in the world price of petroleum.

A new political force in the Carter round of energy policy is the coal industry—particularly the eastern coal industry. Although over the long run coal producers can be expected to benefit from the increasing price of petroleum and natural gas, federal energy policy has so far paid coal interests less attention than oil and gas producers. President Carter, however, depends on coal-producing states and labor unions such as the United Mine Workers for political support, and his energy scheme reflects this. Under the plan, virtually all electric utilities would be forced to convert oil- and gas-burning facilities to coal-burning ones. Industrial use of oil and gas would be heavily taxed and the construction of new oil- or gas-burning industrial boilers would be banned. Industry and utility conversion to coal would be subsidized by investment tax-credits. Needless to say, the owners of coal mines and the labor they hire enthusiastically support these provisions of the President's plan.



But are such policies necessary? If the government permits unfettered adjustment to economic conditions by both industry and consumers, what can we expect over, say, the rest of this century? First, coal will become an increasingly important source of primary energy. Coal accounts for roughly three-fourths of domestic reserves of fossil fuels, but currently supplies only about 20 percent of all energy consumed. Oil and natural gas, which make up the other one-fourth of reserves, account for 75 percent of consumption. While the price of all forms of energy can be expected to rise, the relative abundance of coal implies that oil and natural-gas prices are likely to rise more rapidly than the prices of coal-based energy. The long-run tendency for coal to become relatively cheaper translates into direct substitution of coal for oil and gas in the industrial sector and into increased reliance on electricity generated by coal in the residential and commercial sectors. While we can expect a shift toward coal-based energy, we can also expect energy users to attempt to reduce the absolute levels of all forms of energy consumption. Energy-intensive industries will be placed at a competitive disadvantage, while less energy-intensive industries can be expected to attract investment and expand.

As for the so-called "alternative" sources of energy—solar, wind, the internal heat of the earth, even ocean waves—despite their glamor, the faddish (almost fanatical) devotion of their followers, and millions of dollars of subsidized research, such nonfossil energy sources are not likely to play a significant role in supplying energy over the next couple of decades. Nuclear fission is probably the most promising new source of nonfossil-fuel energy, but the amount produced by fission is not likely to rise much above ten percent until after 1990, if then. Although the demand for nuclear power is continually strengthened by rising prices of energy from fossil fuels, expansion of nuclear capacity is constrained by environmental and safety restrictions, whimsical political support, and an international uranium cartel.

From this it should be clear that much of Mr. Carter's energy plan is unnecessary; yet the President's men and our legislators and bureaucrats are not stupid—on the contrary, they know exactly what they are after. Here is a statement that fairly sets forth the cynical process they are engaged in:

> The tool of politics, which frequently becomes its objective, is to extract resources from the general taxpayer with minimum offense, and to distribute the proceeds among innumerable claimants in such a way as to maximize the support at the polls. Politics, so far as mobilizing support is concerned, represents the art of calculated cheating—or more precisely, how to cheat without really being caught. Slogans and catch-phrases remain effective instruments of political gain. One needs a steady flow of attention-grabbing cues and it is of lesser moment whether the indicated castles in Spain ever materialize.

These very perceptive words were written nearly a decade ago by a man, then in his earlier incarnation as an economist, who is now Jimmy Carter's energy czar—James Schlesinger.

The "energy crisis" is a crisis created by government, which has apparently lost any way or intention of retracing its steps. Price controls on natural gas possibly will be extended soon both in scope and duration. Price controls on oil originally were intended to be temporary, but now are administered by the newly created Department of Energy—which has over 20,000 employees, a $10 billion annual budget, and is about as likely to be disbanded as Congress itself.

Yet for this state of affairs corporations themselves cannot escape at least some of the responsibility. Much of the regulatory legislation, especially in the pre-OPEC years, conferred substantial subsidies (depletion allowances and import quotas) on the petroleum industry, which sought each piece of legislation separately, as a momentary advantage. But the industry did not foresee the long-run consequences of trying to ensure for itself a privileged, predetermined outcome of the market process. Along with favors from the government has come a *quid pro quo* in the form of controls—and it has become customary and acceptable for government to participate generally in the activity of markets. By itself each piece of favorable legislation may have proved valuable to its industry advocates, but the cumulative weight of years of seeking after privileges has greatly warped the traditional relationship between government and industry. Competition for economic gain has shifted more and more from the marketplace to Capitol Hill.

But the "energy crisis" is ultimately a symptom of a far more serious problem, and that is the modern animus against private property. A remarkable illustration of this can be found in the President's own *National Energy Plan*:

> In 1973-74, the oil-producing countries raised the world oil prices fourfold. Deregulation of oil and gas prices would make the U.S. producers the beneficiaries of those arbitrary price rises, and yield windfall profits from the increased value of oil and gas in existing fields. *The producers have no equitable claim to that enhanced value because it is unrelated to their activities or economic contributions* [italics added].

The astonishing principle enunciated here is that when the value of

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an asset rises because of circumstances unrelated to the activities of its owner, the added value belongs to the government. Using this principle, our government is expropriating nearly $14 billion a year from the owners of domestic crude oil.

Jimmy Carter is the first President of the United States openly to embrace this principle and to make it a central theme of an important domestic program. In so doing he is directing a profound and grievous change in our economic, social, and political arrangements. There is scant consolation in the fact that we still have the losses all to ourselves. □

Tom Bethell

Capitol Ideas

More and more these days, the *New York Times* reads as though it is being edited by and for people who are fundamentally sympathetic to the far political left but who, for the sake of respectability, would prefer that no one quite saw it that way. For years this tendency has been manifest on the editorial page; now we find more and more of it in the news columns. Today's paper, for example, brings a real shocker by Herbert Mitgang on the "Alger Hiss-Whittaker Chambers dispute," in which he manages to equate (as "the immediate cause of the revived dispute") Allen Weinstein's recent massive volume, *Perjury*, with a book published two years ago, and already thoroughly discredited, *Alger Hiss: The True Story*, by John Chabot Smith. The *Times*, of course, has long been a Hiss sympathizer and, as Reed Irvine of "Accuracy in Media" points out, has even been reluctant to mention that Hiss was convicted of perjury. Mitgang's recent article in the *Times* read, as usual, like a brief for Hiss, with quotations only from Victor Navasky, whose recent article in the *Nation* on the case represents one more attempt, and surely not the last by the Left, to undermine truth.

As for the *Times'* editorial page, one had read a year or so ago that the appointment of Max Frankel as its editor was supposed to halt the leftward drift. I am not aware that he has had the slightest success in this endeavor.

For example, in a recent editorial (March 5, 1978) entitled "The Rhodesian Contrivance" the writer boldly suggested that if the Soviets were to intervene in Rhodesia, and the U.S. were then to get involved too, *we might come in on the Soviet side*! How's that for impudence? Whoever wrote that editorial has a very low regard for democracy and decency; no doubt also a very low regard for America—not an uncommon attitude in Upper Media.

The Rhodesian "internal settlement" has, of course, thrown a lot of people into a tailspin. Notice, first of all, the use of "internal"; the suggestion that a political settlement can in some sense be denigrated because it was merely arrived at "internally" would, if made of any other country in the world (with the exception of South Africa), be considered a diplomatic scandal of the highest order. Can one imagine the *Times* taking this position *vis-à-vis*, say, Mozambique—one of its favorite countries right now? Of course not.

The continued opposition of the *New York Times* and like-minded fellow travellers to the settlement between Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith and the moderate black leaders of that country is intriguing because it so plainly exposes the lie that *at any point* they had really wanted or cared about "majority rule." What they had wanted—and I think we all know this to be true even though no one will come out and say it—was a wholesale and bloody eradication of whites in Rhodesia. Rather than say that, people have chosen to shed crocodile tears over the absence of "majority rule," which was presumed to be safely beyond Smith's attainment.

So now—horrors!—it looks as though they're going to *have* majority rule. How, therefore, to come up with a renewed rationalization of Rhodesia's wickedness, and thus whip up sentiment against the country, while appearing to speak with the reasonable tongue of the constitutionalist?

The "internal" gambit has been one way; as though it were even remotely reasonable to suggest that one group can withdraw from the democratic proceedings of a country and then attack those proceedings on the grounds that this group could gain more power for itself by force of arms.

Another tack has been taken by Anthony Lewis, *New York Times* columnist and frequent apologist for the Left. From his lofty vantage point in Boston, Lewis has discerned what is wrong with the "internal settlement." Aha! he says triumphantly. Rhodesia has a less than ideal *civil service system*. It is "almost all white now except in the bottom ranks." Also "the judiciary" is imperfect, too. It has within its ranks "some men regarded as cold-blooded racists."

This strikes me as being among the most hypocritical and tendentious comments I have ever seen in a newspaper. I am sure that if Mr. Lewis will inquire further into the structure of the Rhodesian government, he will also find that they don't have affirmative action or busing, either. Perhaps no Medicaid-abortion funding? Who knows what horrors remain to be uncovered in Salisbury.

Let me ask, then, when is Mr. Lewis going to write about the shortcomings of the civil service system, and of the judiciary, in the Soviet Union, in China, in Libya, Angola, Mozambique, Uganda...*in any other country in the world*? You can rest assured that he will not.

Similar thoughts crossed my mind when, a few months ago, there was a most unbelievable uproar in the news media about the death of Steven Biko in South Africa. There were, if you will recall, coroners' hearings in that country. The detail that sticks in my mind is this: Shown on our television screens were artists' drawings of the courtroom where these proceedings were held. I remember thinking: They don't let the photographers in—just as in America. In how many other countries in Africa do we get artists' renditions of courtrooms? In how many other countries in the *world*?

The point is that the alleged "outrage" of South Africa and Rhodesia stems from the fact not that they are so different from us, but that they are so similar; similar enough for the remaining differences to stick out a mile and offend such self-styled "liberals" as Anthony Lewis because they flout our regnant wisdom.

One must, I'm afraid, put the word *liberal* into quotation marks when talking about people who have taken such an unfair view of Southern Africa, because they are undoubtedly very illiberal people. The only issue they care about—the *only* one—is whether blacks and whites are treated differently. If in another country,

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such as Uganda, blacks murder blacks, the victims tied up to trees and their brains beaten out with sledgehammers, then this is nothing particularly to get upset about *because it does not make "liberals" feel guilty*.

Jimmy Carter's attitude toward Rhodesia has clearly been strongly influenced by guilt; he, the Georgia boy, trying to make up for it all and, incidentally, prove to us that his true address is not Tobacco Road. As I write, it is plain that Carter's policy toward Southern Africa is a complete disaster—and I mean that in the end it will prove to be a disaster to Carter himself. It is not too hard to foresee that Andrew Young, his ambassador to the United Nations (whom the British tabloids now call "Andy Pandy"), will prove to be a millstone around Carter's neck—a millstone that he will not be able to remove.

I am glad to say that both Washington newspapers have been critical of the administration on this issue: "You may think it odd," the *Washington Star* wrote, "that the latest American call for a 'genuine transfer of power to the majority' in Rhodesia issued from Nigeria, a nation ruled by its army for the past dozen years." And the *Washington Post* asked: "Does the United States gain respect for itself and a hearing for its policies—among internal or external Rhodesians, in Nigeria or elsewhere in Africa—by conveying an impression that it will do practically anything to win liberationist credentials? We doubt it...."

It is of course hard to foresee the way things will turn out in Southern Africa, but let me make a prediction: Carter and his millstone are going to end up in serious trouble in this area. As a letter-writer to a Washington newspaper pointed out recently, Young is turning out to be Carter's MacArthur—with one big difference: Carter will never dare fire Young.

"Internal settlement" is one bit of deceptive rhetoric in use by the administration. Another is "illegal"—a favorite word of *Pravda* which has now been appropriated by our President to scorn what he disapproves of. Thus Rhodesia is "illegal"—an interesting description since it implies (as the *Washington Star* also pointed out) not the standard of "self-determination" by which all other countries are judged, but a ghostly British "sovereignty" over Rhodesia. (Rhodesia, of course, "liberated" itself from colonial rule in 1965.)

Another word much used of late in foreign-policy discussions is the verb "to link." This is another Soviet coinage, unless I am much mistaken. This might be the place to say that at a party in Washington recently I met a Soviet Embassy attaché who was reliably reported to me to be in the KGB; he admitted to being a "press attaché" of some kind. Not that there is any great difference, with any country, between an embassy staffer and an intelligence agent. This is especially true in America, where a spy would be hard put to glean more "intelligence" in the course of a day than is thrown onto his doorstep every morning.

Anyway, this fellow, who for some reason struck me as resembling a Polish soccer player, kept using the words "linkage" and "link," and variants of the verb. I had opened up the discussion by congratulating him on Soviet successes in Africa—stating that, as I was originally from England, I understood that colonialism had a great deal more to recommend it than one might realize from reading the newspapers, and that it was commendable to see how well the USSR had shouldered the white man's burden in the dark continent—and more in that vein.

Oh, no, no, no, the man said, that was an interpretation based on "linkage," and false.

I notice that the State Department regards linkage as a bad thing, too—not the first time that they have seen eye to eye with the Kremlin, of course.

In case you have missed out on "linkage," it goes like this: If a country takes an unfriendly step in one corner of the world (e.g., the Soviets in Ethiopia), it is inappropriate to retaliate by making a response in an unrelated area (e.g., the SALT talks). To do this is to *link* the two. A bad thing, say the Soviets and the State Department.

Notice how beautifully this works to the Soviet advantage. They take one small unfriendly step in one theater; but not grave enough for us to respond to. Then they take another small step in another theater; but again, it is not challenging enough to provoke a response. Then a third (again, no response); a fourth (ditto). Then a fifth. This time, someone in the White House wakes up and says, Stop! You are going too far! *In sum*, all those little steps are contrary to our interest. Therefore, cease and desist!

But no, we can't say that because adding together a series of independent steps—disapproving of the last step because of earlier, unrelated ones—precisely is...linkage. That's why the Soviets don't like the concept of linkage, and *that*, no doubt, is why the creepy-crawlies at State have been more than happy to oblige by interdicting it.

As someone remarked to me the other day—I won't name him although maybe he would like me to so that he could later say, "I said it first!"—*Where is Joe McCarthy now that we need him*? □

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by Douglas Bartholomew

Frazier's Taproom and Cathouse

Deep within Baltimore's Hampden section, a squeaky-clean, mugger-less, working-class neighborhood, in the cellar of a tidy, attractive row house at West 33rd and Elm, is a one-room tavern where the Michelob and the Jack Daniels and the Bloody Marys flow as freely and as steadily as the waters of the mighty Chesapeake.

Frazier's Tap Room and Restaurant is a Baltimore institution whose specialties are fancy mixed drinks with exotic-sounding names (Khyber Pass, Gold Cadillac, Flossie's Special Dream Cocktail, etc.), fresh seafood prepared by the owner himself, and good conversation. Its motto is the modest claim, bestowed by a *Baltimore Sun* food critic, "worth keeping to yourself."

I arrived at Frazier's shortly after noon on what certainly was one of the most intemperate Good Fridays on record. A goodly number of Hampdenites and Baltimoreans had already descended on their favorite watering hole. Now, numbers may not pose much of a problem in pubs where the bar is lengthy and offers plenty of elbow room for standees; but at Frazier's the bar is no longer than a Grumman canoe, and I was having difficulty merely getting a hand on the gunnels.

Somehow I managed to appropriate a miraculously vacant barstool, a seat so suspiciously empty that I knew something had to be wrong. In fact it was one of those stiff-backed, swivel-seat, naugahyde jobs that are about as friendly to the body as a dentist's chair. Thus uncomfortably ensconced, I rolled up my sleeves, eyed the barmaid squarely, and prepared to do battle with whatever legions of primeval elixirs she might place within my thirsty grasp.

Looking the rest of the place over, I noticed the bar isn't the only thing small about Frazier's. The tables are tiny, the chairs modest, and the whole place couldn't hold more than fifty customers at once. To make matters worse, the ceiling—half-paneled and half-covered with some ersatz soundproofing material—is so low you can almost feel it pressing down on your head.

I soon learned, however, that at Frazier's, cramped means cozy. Intimate. Everybody knows one another. And if they don't, they'll ask you. Who are you and what are you doing here drinking beer in Hampden's proud little pub? Like Frank, the outdoor-advertising (billboard space) salesman. He comes here twice a week for lunch and a few cold ones. Right off he spotted me for a stranger and engaged me in friendly, if inquisitive, gab. That's okay by me. That's the way neighborhood bars should be: congenial, easygoing, their patrons ever-ready to demonstrate their loquaciousness to newcomers. And judging from the TV set hanging in the corner with a prognathous Merv Griffin on its screen and the mini-jukebox on the back wall playing some Al Jolson oldie-but-goodie, judging from the fact that Hampden's own mailman, insurance man, Cadillac dealer, fuel-oil dealer, and weekly newspaper editor were all here having their afternoon brews, judging from the fact that I was the only one at the bar who wasn't a regular and therefore wasn't known on a first-name basis—judging from all this, I had the feeling that Frazier's, without really trying, could be the classic neighborhood bar of them all.

But that would be selling the place short. Frazier's draws a nonlocal crowd, too. With its stellar reputation as one of the finest seafood houses in a city renowned for them, it is a favorite dining and drinking spot for a group from nearby Johns Hopkins University (a Mr. Hugh Kenner, for one), for staff from the Baltimore Museum of Art, and for assorted lawyers, doctors, artists, and students. Likewise, workers from the John D. Lucas Printing concern nearby and from other mills and plants in and around the Hampden area have adopted Frazier's and selfishly choose to "keep it to themselves."

I was well into my fourth or fifth in a long line of draft Michelobs, which appeared regularly before me in frosted glass steins —courtesy of Barbara, the slender brunette behind the bar—when I noticed for the first time the tavern's most curious curio, a lump of anthracite coal the size of a volleyball. It had two plastic flowers sticking out of it, and it occupied a prime-time location atop the bar only inches from where a man might place his drink.

Ah, I mused, a meteorite that fell near here? Or, more ingeniously, perhaps the low-slung ceiling was no accident—could the anthracite be a souvenir of indigenous extraction? A fat tosspot at the end of the bar said the coal "came out of Bud Frazier's lungs."

Before I could grasp the meaning of this apparent *non sequitur*, and, ultimately, fathom the reason for the inscrutable lump of black earth before me, the man responsible for it, and for the existence of the saloon itself, stepped up behind me.

Elmer Robert ("call me Bud") Frazier is 62, has black lung disease, is hard of hearing, walks with a stoop, and is supposed to be semi-retired. Yet when there are customers to be looked after, he hops around the bar and between tables with the energy of a man half his age. Bud Frazier tells me the lump of coal is a black reminder of his years as a youngster in the coal mines in Pennsylvania. His father, a mine superintendent in Scranton, was killed in an auto accident when Bud was eleven, and the boy went to work in the mines to help support his family.

Ten years later he quit the coal business and headed south for Florida to make his fortune. He never made it to Florida—Baltimore was as far south as he got before his money ran out—but he did just fine as a businessman, barman, restaurateur. After a couple of false starts in the meat

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and grocery trades, he bought Tony Letsinger's Saloon, a rough-and-tumble stag bar with spittoons on the floor, guns and sabers on the walls, and fishnets draped across the back of the bar. Tony had been notorious for his habit of retiring early, leaving his customers "on their honor"—meaning they were expected to honor his trust in them by leaving money for their drinks in a cigar box.

No one knows how well or how poorly the honor system worked, but when Frazier took over in 1949, he renamed the place Frazier's Tap Room and threw out all of the "atmosphere" associated with Tony's that was not conducive to the warm, neighborhood effect he wanted. He shortened the bar to its present size to make room for tables and chairs. At first, Frazier's sold only beer, burgers, and hot dogs—it didn't even have a license to sell liquor. Over the years Bud added steaks and ribs—which he cuts himself—and fresh seafood, for which Frazier's is best known thanks to laudatory reviews from local food hacks. Frazier's crabs are still alive and snipping when he gets them, and his special crabcake recipe is so good that one man reportedly consumed thirteen of the cakes at a single sitting.

Last year, Bud tells me, he put his daughter, Flossie, in charge of the bar and restaurant management. Flossie presides over a hardy, sweet-and-sour-tongued crew of females, many of them older, maternal women who habitually treat their customers the way most women treat their sons. The only men I saw employed at Frazier's were in a decided minority: Don, the night bartender who mixes a mean cocktail; Dwight, the day cook; and, of course, Frazier himself.

Someone told me it takes a year of making one's presence known at Frazier's to qualify as a regular, but that once achieved, such status can be rewarding: You'll be treated like a king. Take, for example, old Arthur. Arthur is a retired executive of the Noxell Corporation, inventors of Noxema skin cream, Farrah Fawcett's fame, and the inane jingle, "the closer you shave...." It was 4:35 p.m. when I first learned of Arthur's existence on the planet. He hadn't even shown his face and already they were talking about him, wondering what was causing his tardiness (a full five minutes), speculating on the chance he may have been a) hit by a car, or b) taken seriously ill, or c) worse.

The barmaid was especially concerned. She'd poured his beer (a sufficiently domestic brand; at Frazier's domestic beers are decanted from the can) minutes ago. There it sat, on the bar beneath the TV, a drinkerless glassful of beer patiently awaiting its owner while expressing only a few bubbles of condensation. Seconds seemed to linger like days. Finally, someone spotted the old bird on his way in. A sigh of relief rippled around the bar.

"Christ, we were worried to death about him," said Herb, the insurance man. "He's never *this* late."

The door swung open. A quiet, pasty-faced little man entered, nodded to a couple of fellow patrons, and removed his hat and coat. Ritualistically and with practiced gusto, he took his seat beneath the TV. The beer smiled.

Arthur's jacket and tie and pin-striped, red-and-white shirt looked so natty, I thought he must have put them on just for this occasion, his nightly visit to Frazier's. And I couldn't help thinking that this ex-Noxema "cream ya" exec looked more like the Old Spice type, or perhaps he'd been a closet Aqua Velva man in his day. Foul thought! Had I dared to voice such blatant cacodoxy aloud, surrounded as I was by regulars in a saloon where regulars rule the roost, I have no doubt they would have

thrown me to Frazier's cats like a piece of T-bone into a pool of barracuda.

Frazier's cats are a sequestered phalanx of ex-stray, homeless, formerly ill or auto-stricken, three-legged or otherwise handicapped felines. Over the years he has collected this motley horde with the zeal of a soul-saving missionary in a land inhabited by cannibals. But instead of employing religious canards to fatten his congregation, Frazier entices the wayward beasts with such powerful opiates as food, shelter, and affection. And, had the little beggars a taste for booze, he would use that, too.

What makes this Baltimore saloonkeeper's love of animals (he also owns a German Shepherd whose color-photograph hangs in the bar) so unusual is the extreme to which it is lavished. When Bud Frazier asked if I'd like to visit his cathouse, I said I most certainly would. After all, hadn't someone told me that Frazier recently denied a TV news crew's request to film the inside of his famous "cathouse"? I felt honored.

I followed him out the door of the tavern to an adjacent building with a pen in back. The turf enclosed by the pen belonged to the German Shepherd in the photo hanging in the bar, except that the dog had grown and was now the size of a Buick. I declined a demonstration of his prowess as a watchdog, and we went inside the house.

"This is the only real cathouse in all Baltimore," Frazier commented when we were inside. I wasn't certain what he meant until we got to the living room. There I got the picture. More than a dozen cats, too many to count because they were constantly in motion, filled the room. Purring, licking, scratching, watching, snoozing cats. White cats, black cats, calicos, fat tabbies, slothful toms. They lay sprawled on soft fuzzy couches, or slept on the floor nestled in a deep tan shag. Secure, complacent, warm, happy, well-fed, fat cats.

At the sight of Frazier behind me, they came loping up, like fat leopards, from all corners of the room, to lick his hand, rub against his trousered shin, plop like balls of fur at his feet. Each had a name, usually corresponding to its most pronounced physical trait. The big tomcat was dubbed General Ike. The one that looked like Morris on TV was named Morris. The all-black cat, Charlie Brown Watson. The three-legged one whose amputation following an encounter with an automobile cost Frazier $500, Tripod. The one having a recent litter, Mama Cat. Another, with hair like a llama's and an uncertain ancestry, is called 'Coon Cat.

They live here, in this stately pleasure home Frazier decreed for cats, and cats alone. No one, not even Frazier himself, lives in this house with them. They are surrounded by photos, paintings, and sculptures of their likenesses, as if they had done their own decorating. Only a stuffed wood duck and a couple of deer head—a six-point buck and an eight-point shot by Frazier in the Pocono Mountains where he has a summer home—break the feline decorum.

Frazier said that each day, someone from the bar is assigned to feed and groom the cats and, if necessary, change their litter. Eight 50-pound bags of kitty litter were stacked outside the door of the cathouse.

Later on, I was sitting at Frazier's bar, minding my Heineken's and munching the tasty underbelly of a soft crab, when someone mentioned Frazier's cats. An off-duty waitress who'd had a couple too many was discussing aloud her choice of incarnation, should she be fortunate enough to receive a second chance in the hereafter.

"If I ever come back," she said, "I hope I come back as a cat. I'm going to knock on Frazier's door and let him take care of me." □

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THE PUBLIC POLICY
by Frank Levy

Poverty by the Numbers

Collecting poverty statistics is a tricky business. For a decade and a half the government seemed to be keeping an accurate count of the country's poor. But in the past year the numbers have been subjected to a series of well-publicized critiques, all of which point to the same conclusion: Official statistics exaggerate the extent of American poverty.

Translating research into headlines is also a tricky business, so it is not surprising that the critiques themselves have been exaggerated. American poverty is not yet extinct: Between 11 and 18 million people—five to eight percent of the population—are still poor now and without help will stay poor for the foreseeable future. But these numbers are one-quarter to one-half less than the poverty estimates of the U.S. Census, and the reasons for this discrepancy provide a revealing glimpse into the wonderful world of government numbers.

While performing a census of beggars is an old and rather straightforward procedure, taking a census of the poor is more complex, for it requires a formal definition of poverty. In 1901, the English sociologist B. Seebohm Rowntree published *Poverty, A Study in Town Life*, an examination of the poor in the city of York. To identify the poor, Rowntree first solicited medical opinion on the minimal caloric intake required for males and females of various ages. He then translated these figures into menus, using cheap, commonly available foods, and used the menus to construct minimum-cost estimates of a family's diet. To these diet costs he added estimates of housing costs (based on his own surveys of York), clothing costs, and so on. The result was a set of fixed income standards which varied by family size and composition. Rowntree classified a family as poor if its income fell below the appropriate standard.

When the United States rediscovered poverty six decades later, it adopted a similar approach. Initially, the Council of Economic Advisors defined a poverty line at $3,000. This definition, like Rowntree's, was operational—one could actually apply it to the Census and count the poor. But unlike Rowntree's, the $3,000 figure had no particular underpinning. For a typical family it was plausible enough, being equal to about one-half of median family income. But the figure did not vary with family size; so if it was correct for a family of four, it surely was wrong for a family of seven or for one person living alone.

Enter Mollie Orshansky. In the early 1960s, Ms. Orshansky joined the Social Security Administration where she too was assigned to investigate the poor. To construct a poverty definition, she drew on her earlier experience with Food Plans in the Department of Agriculture. Published as a guide to homemakers, these plans contained menus which varied with both the composition of the family and its desired level of food expenditure, and were designed to meet minimum nutritional requirements. Beginning about 1960, the department began to supplement its standard list of plans with an "Economy Food Plan," a set of menus specifically aimed at persons on welfare or in other "emergency situations." The menus entailed a cost of about $4.60 per person per week (for all meals), and comprised a plausible poverty-level diet.

Having settled on a cost for food, Orshansky faced the problem of estimating costs for other necessities. Rowntree had been able to survey housing and clothing prices in York, but Orshansky, confronting the United States, had no such option. Rather, she surveyed a series of household budget studies, conducted by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and determined that lower-income and lower-middle-income families typically spent about one-third of their income on food. Accordingly, she constructed a family poverty standard by multiplying the cost of the appropriate Economy Food Plan by three.*

For a family of four, the Orshansky line equaled $3,130. While this figure was close to that of the Council of Economic Advisors, the Orshansky lines varied by family composition and had at least a partial rationale; so they were soon adopted as the official measure of American poverty.

In keeping with their relatively objective construction, the Orshansky lines were adjusted over time for changes in the cost of living, but otherwise were unchanged. For example, between 1963 and 1976 the purchasing power of the median family income increased by about one-third, but the purchasing power of the Orshansky lines—now $5,700 for a family of four—remained constant.

To construct annual poverty counts, the Orshansky lines are applied to the March edition of the *Current Population Survey* (CPS), a monthly survey of 47,000 households (100,000 individuals) which the Census conducts for the Bureau of Labor Statistics. Every month the CPS includes questions on individuals' labor market status that form the basis for monthly unemployment statistics. But each March the labor market questions are supplemented by questions on the sources and amounts of a household's income over the previous calendar year, and these income questions are analyzed by the Census to yield an estimate of the poverty population.

When the Orshansky lines were first

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* Poverty standards for one- and two-person households involve multiplication of the appropriate Economy Food Plan by somewhat larger factors. The poverty standard is also reduced if a family lives on a farm. For a discussion of these issues see Mollie Orshansky, "Counting the Poor: Another Look at the Poverty Profile," *Social Security Bulletin*, 28 (1965), pp. 3-29.

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applied in 1963, the poverty population stood at 36 million people, about 20 percent of the population. As the decade progressed the poverty population fell, until by 1969 it had reached 24 million people, or 12 percent of the population. The reduction was due in large measure to good economic conditions and was concentrated among families who could most easily take advantage of the tight labor markets. Over the six years, the number of poor people in male-headed families declined by about 12 million while the number of poor people in female-headed families remained relatively constant at about 11 million. Between 1970 and 1976, increased unemployment and rapid inflation eroded real incomes, and the Census count of the poverty population increased slightly to 25 million, again about 12 percent of the population.

Today the people who appear in these poverty tabulations are in a sense poorer than poor. When a national newsmagazine does a poverty story, it usually focuses on a black, inner-city mother on welfare. But in many cities welfare payments are relatively high, and when combined with minimal earnings are enough to bump a family over the Orshansky line. By contrast, two-thirds of the 1976 Census poverty population are white, three-fifths live outside central cities, two-fifths live in the South, and slightly over half of all poor families are headed by a male.

A poverty count of 25 million people means that one out of every eight Americans is poor. If the matter were to end there, the proportion would be a legitimate topic for national concern. But as the 1976 poverty counts were being made, the Census methodology was questioned by two independent analyses. The first was undertaken by the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) in response to a request from then Senator Walter Mondale. The second was prepared by Professor Morton Paglin of Portland State University under a fellowship from the Hoover Institution.

Surprisingly, considering their diverse origins, the two papers made the same general criticisms. First, they argued that the Census overstated poverty because it failed to adjust for underreporting of income in the *Current Population Survey*. We know, for example, that total payments made for unemployment insurance, workers compensation, veterans benefits, and so on are half again as large as the receipt of those payments reported in the CPS. Similarly, total public-assistance payments exceed reported receipt of public assistance by one-third. By ignoring this underreporting, the Census underestimated income and overestimated the poor.

This conclusion was partially offset by the second criticism: The Census understated the poverty population because it compared the Orshansky lines to families' gross (pre-tax) income. The Orshansky lines measure purchasing power and so are most appropriately compared to a family's net (after-tax) income, since the poor, like everyone else, pay Social Security and a variety of other non-sales taxes. †

But the third criticism was the strongest: By defining income as money income alone, the Census ignored the substantial and increasing amounts of in-kind income received through programs like Food Stamps, public housing, Medicaid, free school lunches, and so on. Failure to count these benefits caused serious understatement of income and serious overstatement of poverty.

At this point, a technical aside is in order. Pointing to the problem of in-kind benefits is easy. Placing a cash value on the benefits is much harder. For example, one might say that a program which cost the government $100 per recipient should be treated as if it conferred $100 of income. But taken to its limit, the proposition is absurd. It implies that a poor family put up by the government in a fancy hotel for several weeks is out of poverty even if it has no clothing or food; the room rent alone does the trick. This problem of valuation is particularly severe in the case of Medicaid where the evidence suggests that people ask for "excessive" treatment because it costs them very little. Today Medicaid costs about $400 per individual per year. Yet few suppose that a poor family of four, given $1,600, would run out and spend it on a Medicaid-like health insurance policy.

It is on this question of valuation that the CBO and Professor Paglin part company. The CBO's informal logo contains the motto, "On the one hand...on the other hand...," and true to this slogan the CBO raises the problem of valuation, presents a number of poverty calculations based on different treatments of in-kind income, and lets the reader take his pick. Professor Paglin argues that the valuation problem is nonexistent: If we arbitrarily define a poverty standard, then we can arbitrarily define the cost of all programs as equal to income. He argues like a man who knew where he wanted to come out before he began—in this case to produce as low an estimate of the poverty population as possible.

Nonetheless, the two studies have more in common than not as both claim the Census has seriously overestimated poverty, a fact duly noted by the press. As it happened, the CBO first issued its report in January 1977‡ while Professor Paglin presented his at a conference in September 1977; so it was the CBO paper that got all the headlines. Predictably enough, the headlines focused on the fact, rather than the extent, of the Census overestimate, leaving the impression that all the poor were rich.

The press reaction was unfortunate because, while both reports attacked the Census estimates, the CBO still implied that a moderately large poverty population still exists. When the CBO defines income as the sum of after-tax money (corrected for underreporting) and all food and

† Sales taxes are typically included in the price of goods and so are subsumed in any purchasing-power measure like the Orshansky lines.

‡ A revised version was issued in June 1977.

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housing benefits (valued at cost), the poverty count drops from 25 million to 18.2 million people—eight percent of the population. When Medicaid is included as well, the CBO count drops further to 12.8 million, or six percent of the population. Professor Paglin, using after-tax cash, all food and housing programs, and Medicaid, arrives at a poverty count of 6.4 million people, or three percent of the population.**

If one discounts Medicaid (as I am inclined to do), the CBO report suggests that the poverty population is at least one-quarter less than the Census estimate but still a fairly large number, perhaps one out of every 13 or 14 people. But before the CBO numbers could sink in, they were implicitly challenged by other research which suggested that individual poverty was only a transitory experience.

Widely publicized work by the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research portrayed the official poverty population as a kind of pool with people constantly flowing in and out. The institute's study, based on a cohort of individuals followed over time, cast doubt on simple cultures of poverty in which being poor now means having been poor always. The press seized on the most dramatic findings: "Only one in five people considered poor in 1975 were poor in every one of the [previous eight] years they were interviewed," noted the *New York Times*.

Unfortunately, being poor nine years in a row is a rather strict test of hardship, one that most individuals are unlikely to pass. About 60 percent of the poor work at least sometime during the year. A temporary turn at a well-paying job may push them above the poverty line for a while, but they are not to be confused with Horatio Alger.*** If, for example, one examines the Michigan data for 1967-1973, one finds an annual average poverty population (under the Census definition) of about 19 million people. Only 3.2 million—one-fifth of this average—were poor in every year. But 14.2 million—three-quarters of the average—were poor four years or more, i.e., at least half the time.

Even if we were to make a back-of-the-envelope calculation and apply the Michigan three-quarters ratio to the CBO numbers, we would still be left with about 13 million people who are poor now and will remain so for much of the near term. The number, about half of the Census estimate, represents one out of every 16 people in the country.

Despite a continuous reduction in poverty over the last 13 years, the outlook for these 13 million long-term poor (or the CBO's 18.2 million) is fair at best. The substantial past reduction of poverty can be attributed to two factors: the rapid expansion of private employment in the 1960s, and the rapid expansion of government benefit programs in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Today, both may have run their course.

Few observers expect the economy to enter a sustained 1960s-like expansion. But should one occur, it will have a more limited impact on the poverty population because that population itself has changed. In the early 1960s, almost two-thirds of the poor lived in households headed by an able-bodied, working-age male. As the economy expanded, these were the first families to cross the poverty line; so today nearly two-thirds of the poverty population (by any definition) are in households headed by a woman, by someone who is aged, or by someone who is disabled—i.e., households that are less likely to participate in an economic recovery.

Similarly, it is unclear whether we will see any new expansion in government benefit programs. Existing programs can be expected to keep pace with inflation (and hence with the poverty standard) but not much more. New programs are currently being considered by Congress in its debate over welfare reform. The most ambitious of these—President Carter's Program for Better Jobs and Income—would reduce the poverty population by as much as one-third, but it suffers from poor political prospects. The proposals of Representative Al Ullman, Senators Henry Bellmon and Howard Baker, and others have better political prospects but would make a significantly smaller dent in the poverty problem. It appears that even by using the best of numbers the poor will be with us for some time. □

** The differences between the CBO's 12.8 million figure and Paglin's 6.4 million figure are still being explored. It should be noted that both studies worked from the CPS which contains incomplete information about the types and amounts of in-kind benefits received. Correspondingly, both papers had to "simulate" in some fashion the assignment of a portion of in-kind benefits to recipients.

*** Fluctuations of this type were first explored systematically twenty years ago by Professor Milton Friedman in his theory of permanent income. That theory conceived of a family's current income as the sum of an underlying long-run income and a temporary, positive or negative, variation. See *A Theory of the Consumption Function*, Princeton University Press, 1957.

John Nollson

Did Moses Part the Mississippi?

The topical intellectual debate—whether modernism was invented by the Jews or vice versa—rages, and quite properly, in the pages of the better journals. The outcome is of no little interest to traditionalists and modernists alike, for it will answer once and for all the most significant question of recent cultural history: Was cubism by its nature anti-Semitic, or just occasionally? The same can be said for Trotskyism, which was founded by a Jew but may or may not be modern.

The debate has been brought to the new world, and not merely because this is a nation of immigrants. The Jewish Historical Society of Kansas, having unearthed, authenticated, translated, annotated, and adumbrated the definitive Kansas City Kabala—thereby establishing the presence of kabalistic inquiry in the Great Plains at least a generation prior to the earliest theorized date, hit an especially painful raw nerve. For if this could happen in Kansas City, why not elsewhere?

Professor Leben wishes to push the date back even further. He argues in "Micah, Monotheism, and Memphis," (*Monumentica Judaica Tennesseeica*, Volume LXII, No. 4, April 1977) that modernism came to Tennessee in the form of three dentists who deserted General Grant's army during the siege of Vicksburg. Traces of this can be seen in the subsequent development of country music. It is this controversial hypothesis which must now be tested.

Leben's provocative thesis cannot stand up to a single simple question: *Why has there not been even one great Jewish country-and-western singer*? Weinstein, writing in his monumental tome *Hebraic Chant and Hoedown Calls: An Inquiry Into Whether the Ten Lost Tribes May Have Migrated to Arkansas*, admits as much. "While more than a few traces of Hebraic chant can be found in the tradi-

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tional hoedown calls," he says, "it is hard to generalize. Certainly, no one thinks that Orval Faubus was good for the Jews." Nor is this all. For it is now apparent to all fair-minded analysts that a Jewish astronomer, admittedly a Morisco, did indeed accompany Hernando de Soto on his epic explorations of what is now the Southeast. The demography of the sunbelt says as much.

Still, this is a vexing question. We may now offer some tentative conclusions based on the exhaustive textual exegesis of what is familiarly called the Laredo School. The new *Union Catalogue of the Ladino Library of Laredo* is a case in point. Found in the library are no fewer than three original Hank Williams manuscripts (including "Take These Chains From My Heart and Set Me Free"), each translated into Ladino. Why? We do not know.

We do know that by the dawn of the modern era, the Sephardic tradition was well-established in the Ozark foothills. It is exactly this tension between the first-generation urban settler as merchant and his son as cross-country skier which should have provided just the right amount of inter-generational dialectical tension to produce a great country singer, but none appeared. And the pattern is repeated elsewhere, where the rejection of a wholly modernizing, existentially flavorful cultural context dissolves into a curious pattern that is seldom discernible, wherein the singular ability to perform country music becomes nothing but a metaphor for a larger kind of aesthetic transmigration. Nor is this all. For if Leben is right in arguing for a wholly Yankee origin (though Jewish-inspired) for the Memphis sound, what can be said about Nashville?

Nor is this all. For if the link between country music, modernism, and central Europe is tenuous at best, the opposite is far from established. Martin was not the first cultural critic to point out, not merely the absence of a great country singer, *but the even more conspicuous absence of a great stock-car driver of Jewish origin*. The ominous italics appear in the original, and are more than a little responsible for the rapid decline in the Jewish population of western Kentucky.

Martin's observation is not born of intolerance. It is a strange fact: Almost all great stock-car drivers are named Yarborough; because of the widespread practice of clan-endogenous marriage in the stock-car belt, they are likely to remain that way. Stock-car racing is surely a more modern development than baseball or string-quartet. It comes into existence only *after* the invention of the automobile. Is this not precisely where we would expect to find the earliest expressions of modernism? I posed this question to one of the nation's greatest drivers. "Can't see what's botherin' you. Sure, we ain't got no Jewish drivers. Ain't got no black ones neither. You wanna make a federal case o'a it?"

Nor is this all. The evidence continues to mount, not least the impressive, though admittedly accidental, findings of the Grand Ethnographical Survey. The survey, commissioned to determine the ethnic history of all occupations so as to assist in the distribution of federal aid, is a gold mine of sociological history. John Rehne has examined the rosters of University of Oklahoma football teams since 1889, and they shed much light on the devilling question of modernity.

"There is nothing more modern than the zone defense," observes Rehne, "yet my studies have turned up not a single middle linebacker of Jewish origin, not one free safety of Jewish origin, not a single blitzing cornerback. There remains, of course, the ambiguous case of the renowned defensive tackle, Nathan 'Too Small' Seligman. As the famous folk song has it: 'Some say he was a Christian/Some say he was a Jew/I say he was a pass rushin' man/No different from me or you.' "

Notice how Rehne dodges the issues of reformism, assimilationism, nativism, and the inevitable reaction. Nor is this the place to criticize his tortured explanation of the origins of the settlement of St. Louis. How can any scholar address the origins of modernism without taking this into account? Not only are the man's views archetypically ethnomorphic, they are more than a little anthrotropic.

Nor is this a problem for Jews alone. It was a *Pole* who was the first to argue that things were more or less heliocentric. □

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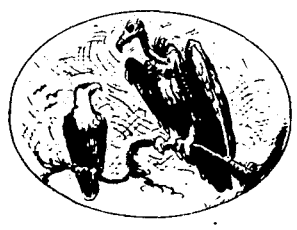
by Peter J. Rusthoven



Our President in the Pits

After some three and a half months, the nation's coal miners—or rather, the 160,000 or so miners who claim membership in John L. Lewis' legacy to the Republic, the United Mine Workers—have at last decided to return to work. The UMW, which has never taken a back seat to anyone when it comes to striking, somehow managed to surpass even its own illustrious history with this most recent walkout. In addition to staying out longer this time than on any prior occasion, the miners managed to throw thousands of workers (at least temporarily) out of a job, to wreak assorted havoc and mayhem on their nonunionized and nonstriking confreres, and to turn out the lights throughout much of the Midwest.

The record-breaking UMW work stoppage also served to enhance the nation's growing doubts about the boyish former peanut farmer so recently elevated to the highest office in the land. Faced with the most serious labor dispute of his young administration, Jimmy Carter responded with a virtuoso performance of bumbling indecision that would have embarrassed Laurel and Hardy. For fully two months, the White House acted as if the strike did not exist. As talks between the miners and the coal operators kept breaking down, and as governors—not only Indiana's Otis Bowen—pleaded for action to get the coal moving and the factories running in their states, the President offered pious little homilies about "giving the fair process of free collective bargaining a chance to work."

When Carter finally did take action, it proved about as effective as his sermons on the virtues of the negotiating process. He invoked the Taft-Hartley Act's back-to-work provision—long after he should already have done so, and in the face of clear indications that the miners would pay no attention—without taking any steps to see that the Act would be enforced. Despite equally clear indications that government seizure of the mines would get the miners back on the job, the President stoutly refused even to consider such a course. Brave talk about cutting off food stamps to the strikers was followed by not a single substantive act designed to end taxpayer subsidization of the very strike that was costing taxpayers their jobs, their lights, and their heat.

All in all, Georgia's favorite son had folks longing for his Democratic predecessors. Harry Truman would have ordered the miners back to work, seized the mines, sent in the troops, told anyone who didn't like it where to go—and the coal would have been moving. Lyndon Johnson would have worked a deal. He'd have sat down Arnold Miller or his equivalent and said, "Now, we can do this to the operators, and we can give you all that—but you're going to have to get your boys back in those coal pits, understand?" Then he'd have called in the operators, told them what he wanted them to accept, and waved a couple of pieces of legislation at them—"Now, do you fellas want *this* mine bill, or am I going to have to push for this one over here?" Once again, the coal would have been moving. One even has the sense that Jack Kennedy and his brother Robert—lightweights though they were in so many respects—would have hatched some scheme to end the strike before 100 days had passed. But for Mr. Carter and his coterie of smug young naifs from the Peach State, the coal strike evoked, by and large, little more than some nervous thumb-twiddling between press conferences.

However frustrating the Carter administration's ineptitude in response to the coal strike was, the immediate problem was overshadowed—or should have been—by the more serious difficulties the strike highlighted with respect to the administration's overall energy policy. The basic flaw in the President's energy outlook, of course, has little to do with the coal strike. In essence, Mr. Carter seems to have swallowed the line that in fact we are running out of all fuels, and that it is hopeless to work on discovery and exploitation of additional sources of power. For some reason, therefore, he seems bent on retaining price controls on producers—thereby removing any market incentive for further production—coupled with imposing taxes and other artificial disincentives on consumers—apparently designed as clumsy replacements for higher market prices, which would discourage consumption without the need for governmental interference. When it comes to energy, then, Jimmy Carter's vision of a "solution" has the federal bureaucracy involved in every phase from initial production to the time John Q. Public flicks on his light switch, with the whole idea being not to find the new energy we need, but rather simply to "conserve" so that we'll all run out of power a little less quickly.

Where the coal strike fits into the picture is that to the extent the administration has thought about additional power at all, it has focused almost exclusively on coal. Mr. Carter has adopted as his own virtually every foolish and ungrounded argument against nuclear power—by far the most promising, efficient, available, and technologically superior source of fuel to satisfy the nation's power needs for literally centuries—ever put forth by Ralph Nader and the fraction of a percentage of the population who follow his peculiar brand of know-nothingism. As far as Mr. Carter is concerned, nuclear power is on a par with original sin, and no government of which he is chief will have anything to do with it. Instead, we are to bank on coal, which Mr. Carter, something like a tout for the industry, seems to think "has the answer."

Wholly aside from whether we can find

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and mine enough coal to meet future energy needs efficiently, the latest strike illustrated what an exceedingly fragile "answer" coal can be in this country. It is difficult to imagine an industry more beset with industrial strife. In the contract period which ended just prior to the most recent nationwide walkout, there were some 8,000 or so wildcat strikes at UMW mines. It is a rare day when one contract ends and another is negotiated and approved without an intervening work stoppage of indefinite duration. The effects of such stoppages were demonstrated all too vividly by the strike that just ended. Yet the Carter administration would have us place our hopes for future energy in an industry where minor disruptions are the norm and major crises can be expected at frequent intervals, thereby making our economy dependent on the vicissitudes of one of the least reliable industrial situations in the country.

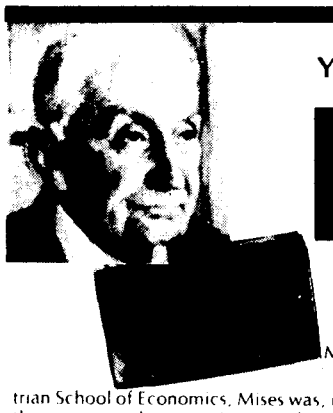
Ultimately, it is precisely this dependency which stands out as the most noteworthy feature of the coal strike. Quite simply, we have reached the point where certain segments of organized labor have the power to shut down the nation to further their parochial objectives. It is a power they are far from hesitant to exercise. Moreover, in so doing they are largely unfettered by traditional legal limits on private behavior, much less by any notions of civic responsibility. Far from being concerned by the effect of their walkout on the jobs and well-being of hundreds of thousands of other citizens, the miners clearly revelled in this demonstration of their collective might. Far from taking care to stay within the bounds of law, the miners employed threats, violence, intimidation, and sabotage in a fairly successful campaign to close nonunion mines and prevent movement of coal to locations where the

need was critical. And the miners did not act alone. The United Auto Workers, among others, chipped in huge sums to keep the strike going, mouthing familiar phrases about "worker solidarity."

None of this is surprising, nor even, in one sense, worthy of especial condemnation. While the UMW's cadres of roving vigilantes were of course reprehensible, the general effort of the miners to maximize the impact of their walkout is both understandable and predictable. It is, if one will pardon the Calvinism, a part of human nature to be selfish in such ways.

The crucial point is simply that no private group in the country should be in a position to bring the nation to a grinding halt if its particular selfish goals are not satisfied. For two centuries, the market system has done a fairly good job of checking such a development, and where necessary—as with the antitrust laws or emergency wartime controls—the government has helped restore the balance. In the labor area, however, the government in the last 45 years has stepped in to load the dice in favor of the unions, to the point that countervailing forces are now seriously weakened and checks on labor power are few.

How much longer this can or will continue is unclear. Despite their legal advantages, unions are currently experiencing a period of slight difficulty in attracting and retaining membership, particularly as industry shifts southward. The pack is already on the prowl in Washington in a full-blown effort to rectify this situation, through a so-called "Labor Reform Act" designed further to grease the skid for unionization and to grant the essentially pro-labor NLRB greater power to impose "solutions" to particular industrial disputes by administrative fiat. Hopefully, the coal strike has helped bring home the lesson that any government adjustments in this field should tilt the other way. Given the current Congress and administration, however, I wouldn't bet on it. □



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BOOK REVIEW

Transatlantic Patterns: Cultural Comparisons of England with America
Martin Green / Basic Books / $11.95

Ferdinand Mount

English schoolboys used to kill classroom time (still may, for all I know) by playing a game called dot cricket. This pastime, furtively enjoyed under the desk or behind the cover of a Latin Grammar, demanded only a pencil and two pieces of paper. On one, the scorecard, you write out two lists of names, fact or fiction, living or dead: your two teams. Philosophers, say, versus Tyrants. Wittgenstein, Plato, and Ayn Rand play Attila the Hun, Castro, and Hitler. You square off the other sheet into areas marked "caught," "bowled," "one run," "four runs," "six-hit," "no run," and so on. Close your eyes, wave your pencil, and inflict a dot at random. Attila pitches to Rand. No run. And so on. The game nicely combines design and accident —the fun of team selection, the unpredictability of the result. Nietzsche swings the game with a home run. Hitler falls to a mean curveball from G.E. Moore.

There is a lot of dot cricket in Martin Green's writing: the fun, the conjunctions of opposites, the random grab-bag method, the hit-and-miss, the love of lists and dichotomies. "The circumstances of my life have forced me to compare England with America more than most people do," he writes. Elsewhere, Mr. Green more candidly owns that it is not just because he was born and raised in England and now teaches in America that he so readily resorts to dichotomy. He admits to a "preference for seeing situations in patterns of brightly colored, simply labeled, alternative choices." He likes sentences which begin "the world is divided into...." Mr. Green is, in short, a dot-cricket buff. Instead of practicing the trade of literary criticism, for which Tufts University pays him, he is prone to draw up lists and wave his pencil in the air.

This amiable weakness was first clearly revealed in his last book, *Children of the Sun*. This was a more ambitious work than *Transatlantic Patterns*, which is a spin-off: a collection of mostly reprinted essays which attest to an abiding interest in Anglo-American comparisons but cannot be said to constitute a sustained analysis. We must, in fact, refer back to the earlier book both to gain a more comprehensive view of Mr. Green's method and to assimilate the basic assumptions which are not fully stated in *Transatlantic Patterns*.

Children of the Sun's main thesis is that English culture after 1918 was rotten with decadence. The Dandies were in control, and only when the Decent Men launched a counterassault was there any prospect of a return to health. The Decent Men were Lawrence, Leavis, and Orwell. The Dandies included almost everybody else on the literary scene: Waugh, Auden, Isherwood, Betjeman, the Sitwells, Anthony Powell, Virginia Woolf, P.G. Wodehouse. The teams, you might think, seem a little unevenly matched. What is this dandyism that embraces such a varied collection? Mr. Green's definition is decidedly sketchy. He seems to prefer picking his teams and seeing how they make out together. He neglects almost entirely the basis of dandyism—that, regardless of the gaiety of its gestures, it is in essence a reaction to despair, a concealed stoicism.

This sort of criterion would eliminate half his Dandies and fatally undermine his claim that dandyism had infected the English literary scene from top to bottom. Instead, Mr. Green limits the attributes of dandyism to the playful, the frivolous, the fantastic. But he comes unstuck here too, because every successful work of art, however seriously intended and morally purposeful, must contain *some* hint of the playful, simply because playfulness is the vibration of the imagination at work. It is just because George Orwell lacks this quality that his novels, despite their purity of prose and crystalline honesty, remain sadly earthbound, and Orwell himself was too brave and clever not to realize it. Only his political fables, *Animal Farm* and *1984*, are liberated by their form into the playful realm of art. Lawrence too can be flat, trite, and bombastic when the preaching swamps the play. *Children of the Sun* rests upon a gravely inadequate concept of art as well as of dandyism. Decency is not enough. Moreover, Mr. Green's dot-cricket criticism leads him further astray when he tries to balance up the sides by enlisting the Americans as honorary Decent Men, rather as English actors in Hollywood used to invite their baseball-playing friends to make up their cricket sides.

Americans, you see, are healthy, daring, bracing, and open-minded, while the English are sickly, timid, and cozy. In England after 1945, according to Mr. Green:

> There was also, unofficially, a widespread mood of exhaustion and depression, one source and expression of which was a resentful feeling of inferiority to America....The dandies, especially, found America overwhelming....New York was the opposite of London, and a world-centre of vitality. London was a world-centre of impotence....And in real life we could take the Kennedy family as symbolising—a little later—all those qualities that made the American personality *bigger* than the English. It was not only that they had more vigour, more beauty, more ease, more range, but that they possessed these qualities in such an easy relation to adulthood.

Mr. Green must be popular at Tufts. Writing as I do from the world-center of impotence (you can see the billboards on the way from the airport—Visit London, World-Center of Impotence), I envy his lot among these vigorous, easy, rangy beauties. I cannot resist wondering, though, whether American *writers* fit quite so naturally into the Decent team as Green claims. Hemingway and Fitzgerald are surely archetypal Dandies. As Green himself points out, Waugh admitted to having been influenced by both. What could be more dandified than the doctrine of "grace under pressure"? And, to take a random handful, McCullers, Purdie, Brautigan, Mailer, Pynchon, Barth, Capote, and Tennessee Williams are easy and rangy perhaps, but *decent*?

The source of the trouble is, of course, that Mr. Green has made too facile an equation between the political and the cultural. Cultural health is not a necessary consequence of political, still less of economic, strength. Neither the world dominance of the United States nor the rapid decline of British power has been directly reflected in art or literature. Political factors tend to be refracted by a multitude of other influences. Even the devastating experience of the First World War was rendered differently by different participants. Berlin under the Weimar Republic and London in the twenties were very dissimilar places which shared the horrors of the Somme only as a social catalyst. It may be, as Mr. Green claims, a failure of nerve that English culture should have shrunk from throwing in its lot with international modernism. But if so, it is a failure of nerve that has a long prehistory and a complex causation which cannot be reduced to a crude dichotomy between health and decadence.

As a kind of clincher, Mr. Green throws in an anecdotal personal comparison. On a visit to London he attends morning service at a military chapel. The most eloquent sight he finds is the faces of the officers' wives: "They are faces strangely innocent of expression and experience. They have never achieved any of the major expressions, or any adventurous experiences. They are uninteresting human beings, drilled into a human style that was only an imitation of being human." How sadly these dull, limited women compare with Mr. Green's American students; in his exhilarating discussions with them,

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There is all the space and resonance in the world. We read Blake, and compare him with Mailer, read Mary Wollstonecraft and compare her with Doris Lessing, read Godwin and compare him with Paul Goodman, and so on. Paine's essays lead us to reflect on the absence of any equivalent in the McGovern campaign. On the American intellectual scene such sweeps of perspective come more naturally than they do on the British scene.

And how. When Mr. Green and his students get to sweeping their perspectives, they really sweep 'em.

Yet—I hesitate to interrupt the sweeping—is the contrast, well, quite fair? Could I not carry out a somewhat similar exercise if I attended church at West Point and compared the officers' wives there with my own circle of perspective-sweepers, who at the drop of a hat compare Martin Green with Susan Sontag and Walter Matthau with Walter Benjamin and Indira Gandhi with Benny Goodman? Perhaps not. Perhaps the officers' wives at West Point sweep their own perspectives. Perhaps *they* all gather round after morning service and compare Dwight D. Eisenhower with Doris Lessing and James Bond with Simone de Beauvoir.

Now, Mr. Green is a decent critic when he puts aside his dot cricket and settles down to the set book. He says apt and original things about Evelyn Waugh and William Dean Howells and Mark Twain and particularly about Kingsley Amis, whose unease and change of politics Green charts with sympathy, partly because he shares Amis' early allegiance to the English moralistic Left of Leavis and Raymond Williams. But it is not because of these modest literary *aperçus* that Mr. Green's work has achieved a certain celebrity. It is because of his larger claims as a polemical historian of culture. And here, the doubts about his qualifications will not go away. For one thing, he lacks the intellectual stamina. Green is an inattentive student, prone to daydream and play hookey from Dr. Leavis' classroom, and he is in for a nasty rap over the knuckles if the Doctor catches up with him. The trouble is that through the cracked and dusty classroom window he could see brightly painted butterflies dancing outside—the Brideshead Beauty and, most entrancing of all, the giant Nabokov fritillary. But the most lasting impression of *Transatlantic Patterns* is of the artistry and delight of Evelyn Waugh—the most anti-American, unhealthy, resolutely reactionary novelist of modern England. □

BOOK REVIEW

A Theory of Racial Harmony

Alvin Rabushka / University of South Carolina Press / $5.95

William R. Havender

However unjust the present regimes of Southern Africa, it is sad that their opponents should chant so ritualistically for "majority rule," without a word about the special problems of associating within a single polity two or more disparate societal groups. Indeed, from the dearth of debate about this topic one might easily infer that it makes no difference what kinds of governmental structures emerge in Rhodesia and South Africa: that as long as the outcome is consonant with "majority rule" the particular arrangements are but clerical details best left to pragmatic negotiation between experienced diplomats. Any such outcome, it is assumed, would have an equally good chance of achieving peaceful relations between the races within a unitary state. One need only glance around the world, however—at Ireland, Cyprus, Lebanon, Palestine, Ethiopia, Nigeria, the Indian subcontinent, Malaysia, Uganda, even Canada and Belgium—to see the manifest untruth of this belief. In actuality, the details of the political bargain struck between ethnic communities is of the utmost importance if "majority rule" is not to devolve into majority oppression, with attendant civil war, partition, mass emigration—and even genocide.

It is a striking feature of communal conflict in these many lands that the combatant groups share the same perception of government: They all regard its control as far too vital to their own security and well-being to risk its passing into the hands of their rivals. Government seems to be viewed as a dispenser of injury and inequity rather than as a bringer of benefits and justice—*except* when controlled by one's own clansmen. That this belief can be so ubiquitous, recurring independently, like the law of gravity, in countries that otherwise differ vastly in race, language, history, religion, and industrial advancement compels the observer to examine with care its source and nourishment, for there may be some crucial flaw in our concept of democracy that engenders racial and ethnic conflict.

This is the reason for directing your attention to Alvin Rabushka's *A Theory of Racial Harmony* which, while small and quickly read, throws a lapidary light upon this problem. Rabushka, a Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution, argues that the risk of racial and ethnic antagonisms is greatly reduced in those societies where the role of government in the lives of its citizens is minimized. Stated so baldly, his thesis will doubtless seem simplistic, yet Rabushka supports it with an impressive body of theoretical and empirical argument. What is most convincing, he distinguishes the political mode of social allocation and decision-making from the voluntary exchange, or market, process, and suggests that the political resolution of social questions which could otherwise be handled by the market vastly raises the probability of ethnic and racial confrontation.

What are the differing properties of political vs. market actions that sustain this proposition? First and most important, political action necessarily entails action in large *groups*. Democratic politics, after all, is a game of putting together winning coalitions, so that, like it or not, playing it effectively means being associated with a group. Because differences in the kinds of goals that people seek are commonly rooted in their cultural or ethnic heritage, ethnicity provides a logical and convenient basis for aggregation into groups for the political attainment of shared goals. A special feature of this process is that, since a political contest can be wholly won or lost by only a small number of votes, the marginal return for securely marshalling even the last, most reluctant supporters within one or the other ethnopolitical camp can be huge. There is, therefore, a strong incentive to sharpen ethnic boundaries whenever group "ends" must be sought through political mechanisms.

The market, on the other hand, permits people to act as individual agents in setting and attaining their goals. Too, the loss of a few market "votes" does not have the same all-or-none consequence for the achievement of ethnically conditioned purposes, so that there is no comparable urgency to gather strays back into the herd. Therefore, the independent action of individuals in markets results in group boundaries becoming diffuse and indistinct.

Second, coercion is an essential part of any less-than-unanimous political action; the losers are necessarily coerced into accepting the result (the "majority" does, after all, "rule"). In contrast, there is by definition no coercion in market trans-

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actions. Participation is voluntary, and contacts and exchanges do not take place except when each participant judges himself better off as a result.

Third, single "ends," those of the winners, tend to prevail in political contests, whereas in market actions a diversity of ends can be simultaneously accommodated. The attainment of the ends of the majority thus in no way precludes minorities from pursuing their ends as well. This feature is all the more compelling when one considers how low the probability is of a small ethnic minority ever winning a political contest; its chances of attaining its ends through the market are far better.

Fourth, political power is concentrated, while market power is highly decentralized. This means that the consequences of losing a political contest are much more likely to be damaging than those of losing out in a market competition. Or put another way, the risks of the market are considerably smaller than the risks of politics. The more a society is guided by political rather than by market processes, the more its ethnic groups must contend with each other (even if only in self-defense) to prevent the "keys to the kingdom" from passing into the hands of rivals.

Fifth, competitive markets tend to reward participants on the basis of economic productivity, and therefore contain built-in incentives that counteract discrimination. By excluding potential customers (or employees) for noneconomic—i.e., discriminatory—reasons, an employer loses valuable business (or raises his labor costs) and thus lowers his profits; this gives his nondiscriminatory competition an opportunity to raise its profits at his expense. But the same enterprises, when run by governments, are shielded from both effective competition and the prospect of economic loss as a consequence of practicing discrimination, and hence have no such automatic incentives. Whether race and ethnicity rather than marginal productivity become the basis of allocation and reward will duly reflect the regnant political balance of the moment. That balance can easily shift, of course, and the consequences for ethnic groups that move out of political favor can be dire indeed.

These theoretical considerations argue strongly for Rabushka's thesis that the more functions are handled by market exchanges, the less will be the potential for group frustration and discord; and conversely, the greater the scope of "public" intervention in economic activity, the greater the likelihood of group conflict.

It follows that the single most important step in reducing intercommunal conflicts is finding the proper limits for the scope of governmental activity. These limits will vary in societies with differing degrees of ethnic heterogeneity. That is, social domains that in relatively homogeneous countries can be peacefully mediated through political mechanisms may become arenas of serious ethnic contention when so governed in heterogeneous societies. Take public education as an example. This is a simple enough piety in a country like Sweden, but in ethnically varied countries seriously divisive questions commonly arise. What should the language of instruction be in French Canada? Or Belgium? Or India? Which "national" literature should be studied? What interpretation of history should be inculcated in Rhodesia concerning the veneration (or abomination) of Cecil Rhodes? Or in a unified Cyprus, concerning Makarios? Or in a "secular" Palestine, concerning Herzl? And how should birth control be presented in Northern Ireland? These are serious questions that in their nature have no single right answer, yet it is precisely single answers that one risks getting as the outcome of a political face-off.

By extension, it is easy to visualize a similar potential for group contention in a host of other areas that governments traditionally control: setting tax policy, enforcing the law, distributing government jobs (this is especially significant if the government has nationalized most of the economy), determining the foreign alliances entered into, and so forth. It is clear, then, that the simple incantation of "majority rule" is in no way sufficient to insure equitable and amicable racial or ethnic consociation; and further, that we should not simplistically extrapolate from homogeneous to pluralist polities assumptions about the proper roles of government. Instead, we must be prepared to rethink the functions of governments in ethnically or racially mixed societies, to find structures that, while consonant with "majority rule" in the social domains where this remains appropriate, will limit the political harm that ethnic collectivities can inflict on one another.

The ultimate extreme in setting such limits is, of course, the total partition of the various communities. This is the solution that is most often embraced: by the Turks and Greeks on Cyprus, the Jews and the Arabs, the Muslims and Hindus of colonial India, the Bengali and Urdu speakers of former Pakistan, the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland and elsewhere. And it threatens to occur any day between the French and English in Canada, the Moslems and Christians in Lebanon, the Serbs and Croats in Yugoslavia, and the whites and blacks of South Africa. But however popular, this is an uninteresting solution from the perspective of political theory, because it evades the question of real consequence, namely, what are the political structures that could make it possible to unite diverse groups within a single polity? We have, after all, the example of the United States, which by comparison with these other nations has been amazingly successful at this very task. And Rabushka's theory suggests some historical and political reasons for this comparative success.

While ethnic conflict was not really a burning question in this country in 1776, religious differences certainly were. This might have been handled by setting up a political condominium that would have raised money for all faiths through taxation, and divided the money between them for church buildings, schools, and operations, much as in Germany or Holland today. But it is clear that this would have built in problems rather than moderated them. What chance, for example, would a religious minority have stood in this sharing of the "spoils"? How would the system have accommodated the great changes in religious proportions that resulted from immigration and successful proselytization? And what prospects would new religions, like Mormonism, have had under such a plan? *Ad hoc* ways could no doubt have been found to cope with the rigidities of the system, but only with recurring crises; a recipe for religious toleration and cooperation this surely was not.

Instead, it was wisely agreed to separate religion totally from government: Such questions would not be a matter for political decision at all, "majority rule" or no. All persons would be equally free to join any confession they wished, or none, without the power to coerce others; each religious organization would be voluntarily financed; and, best of all, none would be taxed. Too, how a citizen interacted with his government—in access to public education, to government jobs, to the protection of the courts, etc.—would not be a function of his religion. There have been, to be sure, some sad exceptions to this practice—for instance, in the long-lived and only recently interred "custom" that a Catholic could not become President—and some frictions in defining just what was to be regarded as a bona fide religion. But the device has, by and large, worked: It did achieve its intention of permitting citizens to attain a diversity of religious ends while minimizing conflict between them.

Rabushka's theory also sheds light on the distribution of intercommunal discord in other parts of the world. Which countries with diverse populations enjoy racial and ethnic tranquility? Places like Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Singapore, and Switzerland, all of which, as Rabushka shows, have relatively low rates of taxation, relatively laissez-faire economies, and a substantial degree of decentralized community control (especially in Switzerland) over educational, cultural, and religious affairs. In contrast, we find *high* amounts of communal dissension in societies with a sizeable degree of state economic intervention, such as South Africa, Rhodesia, Ethiopia, Burma, the Philippines, Cyprus, Lebanon, Yugoslavia, Spain, Belgium, and Northern Ireland. We find also that ethnic disharmony has recently increased in old pluralist societies

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that have lately experienced large increments in the level of state economic intrusion (especially of taxation), as witness the truly surprising reemergence of long-dormant Welsh and Scottish nationalism in Great Britain, or of French nationalism in Canada.

And this same paradigm could account as well for the exacerbation of racial and ethnic tensions, leading in some cases to civil war or mass emigration, in former colonies which in the process of obtaining their independence exchanged a relatively benign and noninterventionist colonial government for one or another flavor of state socialism. Nigeria, Kenya, Uganda, the Sudan, Sri Lanka, Trinidad, and Guyana are conspicuous examples.

The main insight we gain, then, for dealing with the real problem of ethnic conflict is that we no longer should ask how we can tinker and cobble together an "equitable" partition between communities of the control of public affairs—"two governorships for you, one generalship for us, three ministries for..."—but instead how we can practicably reduce the scope of that government's activities so that no group could feel threatened by it no matter who ran it. To put it more pointedly: The best way to quell ethnic fires is to remove from the political arena the critical areas of social confrontation, and to place them squarely in the domain of voluntary arrangements.

This tells us that lasting serenity within the present borders and with the present populations of Northern Ireland, or of Lebanon, cannot be brought about by any number of televised peace marches by Joan Baez, but only by political reform that identifies the specific areas where the groups pose a political menace to each other, and removes this threat by delegating those government functions to the respective religious groups.

Similarly, there is little hope for a stable and nonrepressive accommodation including all races and all the present territory in Southern Africa that fails to assure political and economic protection for each racial and tribal group; it is likely that many areas of societal action that we in the West reflexively expect national governments to direct (such as taxation, economic policy, and perhaps even law enforcement) will have to be left, not to the random mercies of "majority rule," but to some kind of local community control.

Too, we can immediately perceive the shallowness—the arrant insincerity of Yasir Arafat's "dream" of a secular state of both Arabs and Jews. For the PLO has uttered not one word concerning the guarantees against undue governmental encroachments against one or the other community that alone could make such a polity feasible; either the PLO knows not at all, or else knows very well, the opportunities for the exploitation of a minority that are implicit in unlimited "majority rule" →

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LIBERTARIAN REVIEW

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And lastly, we can see how foolish it is for us to disregard the Marxist leanings of the "liberation" movements in Africa, Palestine, and elsewhere. For if Rabushka is right in his contention that there is a close connection between the risk of racial and ethnic confrontation and the level of governmental control over economic activity, then the institution of a Marxist government would encourage that state's descent into racial tyranny or civil war. By contrast, the best way to ease racial tensions, as Rabushka teaches us, is to administer a healthy dose of classical liberalism. □

BOOK REVIEW

The Life and Legend of Gene Fowler

H. Allen Smith / William Morrow and Co. / $10.00

Frank Bolger

A great brooding rustic giant, Gene Fowler tramped down from the Denver mountains and into the American panorama in the second decade of this century. He was a brawling, boozing, lady-killing rake with a genius for high living and hearty laughing. Above all, he was one of the best reporters in the Golden Age of American journalism, though he modestly deflected such praise during his romp across the continent snapping, "Forget it! I was never anything but a half-assed wag."

As biography this book is far from adequate. The chronology of events, when dates are mentioned at all, is confusing and frustrating. What is more, Smith repeatedly drops hints concerning Fowler that could keep a roomful of Freudians buzzing for twenty years: repressed atmosphere, mother complex, yearning for a father image, a love for children that was "well-nigh psychoneurotic"—all the familiar ravings from the atelier of the professor of Vienna are tossed out, but almost as quickly forgotten.

We are informed that Fowler and Damon Runyon were no better than friendly enemies for much of their lives, but the matter is not pursued in depth, and the author's only explanation of their mutual enmity is that Fowler resented playing the rube to Runyon's worldly sage (somewhat inconsistent with Smith's assertion that Fowler was constantly in quest of a father image). Smith likewise alludes to Fowler's lifelong obsession with Egypt, but doesn't bother to trace its manifestations throughout his career, most notably in his writings. In another instance, Smith refers to Fowler's dilemma over covering an assignment while Grandma Wheeler, the woman who had raised him (his father skipped out before his birth), lay dying. A few pages later, the author bumps her off parenthetically.

More serious are the problems in Smith's account of our hero's romancing of a Colorado debutante. According to Smith, the girl's father gave tacit approval to their courtship, while her "blue-blood battle-ax" of a mother did everything in her power to separate them. The father dies, and the mother finally convinces her daughter that wedding a man of such low station would be folly. This version differs in several salient ways from the one set down by Fowler's long-time friend, Ben Hecht, in *Letters From Bohemia*. Hecht has both parents strenuously opposing the relationship, with Fowler nobly bowing out upon being presented by the father with an emotionally loaded set of alternatives. Hecht's memoir also recounts a love-sick Fowler departing for a downtown hotel with "only one thought in his head—suicide." Bolstered by liquor, Fowler proceeded to the top floor where he "would put his life down as a chip and gamble for it." Pleasantly soused, facing a heady wind, Fowler stepped out onto the two-foot ledge deciding that if one lap around found him on the cold side of eternity he wouldn't fight it.

The best example of Smith's shortcomings as biographer is his retelling of the *Madame Silk* episode. One of Fowler's goals had been to publish a book before he reached forty. To that end he collected, sifted, and finally set down on paper the story of a notorious Denver madam who, reputedly, had bedded some of the most colorful figures of an era that spanned several decades, from frontier outlaws to latter-day eminentoes. Those who read the completed manuscript thought it was splendid, but the book was never published. Smith reluctantly fingers Ring Lardner as the villain. It seems that Fowler, whose admiration for Lardner was boundless, showed the ms. to the prudish author, who advised him to destroy it. Fowler retreated one night to the shores of Fire Island, struck a match, and made a bonfire of his work. Having received an advance to produce a book, Fowler holed himself up for thirty days, and the result was an autobiographical novel entitled *Trumpet In The Dust*, published several months after his fortieth birthday.

Once more, Hecht's version differs. Fowler, he writes, was worried that people might get the wrong idea: "I don't want to enter the literary world as an expert on whorehouses." More important, Hecht is able to put the affair in perspective, observing that Fowler "was baffled by the fact that writers such as Hemingway...and Faulkner...should be hailed as kings of their craft. But it was himself Fowler ended up doubting, not Hemingway and Faulkner."

But if Smith's run through the life of Gene Fowler is meager biography, it is a glorious succession of robust and hilarious anecdotes—from an account of schoolboy Fowler's revenge on a beer pilferer by one day refilling an empty bottle of beer with a substance of similar coloration from nature's own nozzle, to a chronicle of his wild excursion into Movieland.

Accused at one point of being too wordy and flowery in his prose, Fowler began the story of a murder, "Dead! That was how they found her." At work on a Hollywood screenplay, Fowler and a friend were injured in an automobile accident while driving to work. From the hospital Fowler wired his agent promising "ten per cent of my cuts." Fowler cronies recall dozens of such tales, and many swear that somewhere out in the lost and forgotten saloons of the Denver hills there are gin-palace boozers still spinning from the Fowler right-cross.

"The Last Of The Bison," as Ring Lardner dubbed Fowler, was not one to brook stuffiness and pomposities. When Louella Parsons, the imperious tattletale and Hearst favorite, demanded to know what right Fowler had, as managing editor of the Hearst-owned *Daily News*, to be "butchering her stuff," Fowler fired back, "I do it because you are totally and incurably illiterate." He went on to advise Miss Parsons that she didn't "need to be a bitch about this thing." When the excited columnist bellowed threats of going to Mr. Hearst; Fowler cracked, "Go right ahead. And while you're at it you can tell Mr. Hearst that I called *him* a son of a bitch for turning such a bitch as you loose on this town." He capped off his volley by instructing a copyboy to look over the column and try to "put it in English."

Fowler soon left the Denver scene for New York City and a job with the

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American, for whom he was to cover nearly every major story of the Roaring Twenties. The Fowler legacy of hijinks, hell-raising, tomcatting, and donnybrooking, along with top-notch reporting, survived his migration eastward. Indeed, some time later, when word leaked out that Fowler was in search of an expert cutter for the family jewels, reaction was swift and excited. Black shrouds, it was joked, decorated every whorehouse west of the Mississippi, and a famous madam wired Fowler that the President should declare southern California a disaster area. For his own part, Fowler reassured the concerned: "I am aware of the surgical consequences that sometimes attend this type of operation. However, should my voice change, I can get a job at the Boy's Choir at St. Sebastian's." Bugs Baer, a Fowler cohort facing a similar fate, engaged Fowler in a ribald game of Can You Top This, writing Fowler: "The doctor chalks my cue with cocaine. I have the only male organ on earth that is a narcotic addict. Every time I urinate there is a rainbow over the bedpan."

Fowler did not age gracefully. A string of autobiographical and biographical works (including a tome on John Barrymore, *Good Night Sweet Prince*) brought Fowler a degree of renown, as a slew of Hollywood screenplays brought him prosperity, but the greater prize of satisfaction eluded him. His achievements left him doubting, but there was more of bewilderment than bitterness in his musings of later life. As Smith comments, "It seems clear that Gene Fowler, in his later years...began to look upon himself as a man whose writing talent had gone down the drain."

Perhaps this explains Smith's efforts to insinuate Fowler into a higher rank of literati, in the manner of a moviehouse usher sneaking a friend into the matinee. Despite protestations that "this is not a critical biography," the attempt to freeze Fowler as another icon on the shelf in the Hall of Neglected Geniuses is rather blatant, and somewhat patronizing. But perhaps Smith's campaigning is justified. The memory of this man who swashed so magnificently across our journalistic landscape, seeming always to be living in the teeth of a wind, and loving every minute of it, is growing dim. He survives principally in the glass jars that Literature provides for its own: biographies, memoirs, and fiction (in Fowler's case the MacArthur-Hecht play *The Front Page*). The newsman of today venerates the Geraldo Riveras, the "Woodsteins," and Brit Humes; he is pious, indignant, angry, moral, humorless, self-righteous, often incompetent, virginal, messianic, and liberal. And he is unequivocally an ass, as Fowler himself would have been the first to point out. □

BOOK REVIEW

Clearing the Air

Daniel Schorr / Houghton-Mifflin / $11.95

Seth Cropsey

Sometimes an author's personality overshadows the events he writes about. *Clearing the Air* by Daniel Schorr is a good example. It is mostly Schorr's account of what happened when he leaked a congressional subcommittee's secret report on the CIA—and how the ensuing fuss led to his dismissal by CBS News after a 22-year career. A mixture of self-pity, self-justification, self-infatuation, and a great dose of huffy First Amendment righteousness, the book is one long wail.

Schorr leads up to the CIA-CBS affair with a career sketch and remarks about the proper function of a reporter. He writes that, "The word 'reporting' was always closely associated in my mind with reality," but it is hard to take him seriously since he also declares that his "keenest enjoyments...came from finding out something that people in power didn't want known...." For Schorr, "reality" in political affairs is seldom, if ever, the way participants perceive it. Of course his problem is not in taking sides—since the "reality" of an issue is sometimes grasped by one of the disputants—but in assuming the *same* side will always be wrong. He prefers "the people" as opposed to their representatives, and makes a virtue of this prejudice.

This virtue had led to other flaps in his career. He was tossed out of Russia for disobeying censorship restrictions in the fifties; President Kennedy wanted CBS to take him off assignment in Germany because his reports were causing tension between the two governments; and after he incorrectly reported that Barry Goldwater wanted to "link up" with the German right wing in 1964, Goldwater cancelled CBS interviews, saying he would not "talk before a CBS microphone again." Schorr did not apologize for this last botch. Instead, he had words with Fred Friendly, the president of CBS News. Friendly expected responsible reporting and told Schorr that he had saved his job from an angry William S. Paley. Mindful of the Great Constitutional Issues, Schorr retorted, "if [my job] had to be saved, it isn't worth saving."

Judging from these stories and the relish with which he tells them, it is clear that Schorr thinks the measure of a good journalist is the number of important people he offends. He is a troublemaker; and while there is some troublemaker in all journalists, the sensible ones know the difference between goading employers or colleagues, and public figures. Schorr does not. Referring to his own Watergate coverage, he says, "I was aware that I was consistently more pointed in analysis than most of my colleagues, but I knew no other way to conduct myself." A remark or two like this could be overlooked, but the book positively wallows in them. Evidently, Schorr is a man who aches for odium.

He is also one who gets it. In the Watergate summer of 1972, Schorr had decided instantly that Nixon was guilty. This caused no major problems at CBS—until the resignation, when Schorr's open antipathy for the President combined with his self-appointed role as First Amendment Protector to run him afoul of the network executives.

According to Schorr, CBS worried that in resigning Nixon would attack the media. But on the afternoon of Nixon's speech, the network somehow learned this would not happen, and Schorr was cautioned not to be vindictive. As it turned out, he wasn't given a chance. Yet listening to his colleagues after the speech he could not help but feel that, except for Roger Mudd, they had all gone soft on Nixon—and he concluded that the conciliatory tone of Cronkite et al., had been governed by network executives, grateful and relieved to have escaped Nixon's parting salvos.

This explanation is as implausible as Schorr's desire for more criticism of Nixon was vengeful. (As Nixon was announcing his resignation, Schorr's first thought was to holler "you deserved it you bum.") Most likely, his colleagues realized the gravity of the occasion and responded appropriately. Still, Schorr was angry at having been left out of the postmortem, angry that Nixon had slipped away without a final drubbing, and he clung to his suspicion that CBS management had dictated the attitude of its news stars.

He "vented [these] suspicions with unpremeditated candor" at a Duke University speech from which a Washington news-

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letter published "a totally distorted version." Since reading this "distortion" Eric Sevareid has not spoken with Schorr. And when CBS found out what Schorr had said, they told him that future speaking engagements would have to be cleared in writing. Schorr saw red. He thought he was being censored (false) as he had been in Moscow (true). There, it was a government, here an employer. Unfortunately, when a lawyer noted that his employers were within their contractual rights, Schorr wasn't listening. His later troubles with CBS over the CIA report grew out of the same failure to distinguish between the rights of government and employer.

The CIA story fell to Schorr coincidentally. He had been given general assignments after Watergate and the CIA's Chilean operations was among them. It became a Big Story like Watergate, and for a reporter whose "keenest enjoyments" came from unearthing the secrets of the powerful, this was a chance for ecstasy. Schorr followed the story's unravelling with the rest of the pack, bounding ahead once with his disclosure of foreign assassinations. One thing led to another and before long, according to Schorr, "the press...had stimulated Congress to expose the errant ways of the intelligence agencies." By January 1976 Otis Pike's House Intelligence Committee had drafted a 340-page report on CIA operations from Vietnam to Iraq, including footnotes on a film of Indonesian President Sukarno having sex in Moscow. Schorr got a copy of the report a few days after it was written. The committee scheduled it to be released on the last day of January, but the House voted decisively to wait for presidential approval before making it public. So Schorr was left holding a paper which the House of Representatives classified as a confidential document.

Was this a dilemma for him? Hardly. "Aware of possible risks, I had no doubt where journalistic duty lay." Congress might worry about national security but "as a reporter I marched to a different drummer." So different, in fact, that not even CBS executives could hear the beat. Though most of the contents had already been published and televised, CBS shrank from the report itself "as though it were a plague." But Schorr would not be stopped. He went to the *Village Voice*, the story appeared, and made a splash. Then the tale of how the *Voice* got it came out and made a bigger splash. CBS was furious that its own correspondent had gone to a hostile newspaper. Schorr, "aware of the irony," as he puts it, denounced the leak which exposed him as the source.

Soon after, a House ethics committee voted to investigate the original leak to Schorr. That committee accomplished nothing. The media made it clear that, although they might criticize Schorr, they would not stand for an investigation of his source. No one leaked about the leaks, and when Schorr arrived to testify the committee nearly gave him an award for protecting the Constitution. But CBS didn't need a correspondent who was himself a news story. Nor were they anxious to keep a man of proven disloyalty around, or one who was simply a pain in the neck. So Schorr was quietly fired—or as he says, banished to the "ultimate unreality" of being off the air, a state in which he remains.

There are excellent reasons for wondering whether this man's experience raises any serious issues. It might be useful to ask, for instance, why the Pike committee retreated so quickly from its investigation of the leak to Schorr. At the least, one would like to know why CBS refused to come out with the entire report. Perhaps they reckoned that the CIA is not your usual leaking agency, that the best and only hope for further information was Pike-like committees, and that such committees would lose all credibility if their *entire* reports routinely fell into media hands. But Schorr doesn't offer an intelligent or even reasonable explanation of CBS's actions. He rambles off, captivated by the idea of himself as defender of the First Amendment.

Thus, while Schorr's unpleasant character pervades the book, that is not the real problem with it. *Clearing the Air* ultimately fails because it fails to illuminate. And it fails to illuminate because Schorr is so wrapped up in himself that he cannot usefully observe what has been close to him. In fact, one suspects that his narrow vision, limited as it is by a need for self-aggrandizement, may be responsible for the very opposite of what he intended by publishing the CIA report. In exchange for a little more disgrace heaped on the CIA, Schorr showed that a House committee is incapable of keeping secrets, and in so doing lessened the chance that such a spectacle will occur again. I suppose we owe him some sort of thanks for that. □

EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

the amazing feat of bringing into one government perhaps the two most implausible political parties of modern time, the Italian Christian Democrats and the Italian Left-Socialists.

The Christian Democrats are direct descendants of those Italian Catholics who fought diligently against unifying Italy in the last century. They dream of medieval grandeur and still hold the notion that capitalism is a Protestant heresy. Not only do they scowl at the open society, industry, and private initiative, but many among them suspect all this to be sinful. They have no sense of the needs of a modern state. The Left-Socialists are even more muzziheaded. They are probably the most politically naive socialists in Europe, living as they do in academic reveries from which they take leave only for a quotidian requirement of *pasta* and *vino*. They came to power with the anti-government mentality of the left-wing underdog and have never quite abandoned it. Hence they are never really sure whether they are of the government or not, a mental state that makes governing tricky.

When Moro was abducted it took police nearly an hour to seal off the city of Rome. When they published photographs of the suspects it turned out that two of the culprits were already in jail and two other photographs were of the same man. Italian police are usually the most harmless and demoralized in the world, which should be a point of pride for progressives everywhere. The Socialists and Christian Democrats were nearly a decade ahead of the other western powers in humanizing their *Servizio Informazioni Difesa* (SID), a combination of our FBI and CIA.

My favorite Italian politician, and actually one of my favorite politicians in the whole wide world, is Sr. Antonio Giolitti, the fragrance of whose botches is typical of politicians in both of these antique political parties. While Minister of the Budget, Sr. Giolitti once admitted to *La Repubblica* that for years he, economic wizard that he was, had thought "efficiency" to be a device peculiar and essential to bourgeois exploiters. Further study had convinced him, however, that efficiency could be put to use even by upright socialists, and henceforth the Minister of the Budget planned to thump for it strenuously. Sr. Giolitti had taken on a large task, yet who would ever put anything past him? Several years ago he drew up the government's five-year plan, argued for it with customary socialist ardor, and then voted against it in Parliament when his socialist colleagues came down with a seizure of Marxist purity and stepped out of the governing coalition.

Truly, Italian government is more ludicrous than Georgian government; and, by the way, whether I was in Rome, Paris, or London thoughtful Europeans would lower their voices and respectfully inquire as to what was wrong with the Carter administration—"Is he stupid?" rigorists would ask. Yet no one can laugh at Italy with clear conscience. Too many innocent citizens have been butchered by common thugs. Too much sadness has been wrought by cowardly and vicious children of the once credulous. Italy with all its culture, its craftsmanship, and its inestimable charm is being transformed into a Hobbesian state of nature, where even the Communists fear to govern. The socialist magic has worked its wonder. Intelligence and freedom are on the run everywhere on the

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peninsula. To see intelligence still in the fight one turns to France.

Raymond Aron feels that France is the most socialistic state in Western Europe. But at least France's bureaucrats are not nearly so lost in abstractions as those of Italy or even Britain. In fact, they have at least a slippery grip on economics, and precisely 51.6 percent of the electorate showed themselves immune to the socialist chloroform this spring, thus giving the bureaucrats time to improve their grip. In search of the muzziheaded one turns to the Socialist Party of François Mitterrand, and to the journalists. Mitterrand's touching faith in a partnership with the authoritarian Communists, and the wholly uninformed judgments of the journalists prior to the elections, accurately convey the clarity of their intellects.

The journalists spent the elections in Paris, pressing their pants in favored cafés, talking to each other, and passing on an utterly fanciful vision of a left-wing victory. Had they spent some time with the electorate they would have noted that many voters, especially in the provinces, had undergone a change of heart, alarmed by Communist tactics, high taxes, and inflation. Yet Paris, politically very conservative, is culturally very chichi left, and the elitist journalists cannot conceive of anyone thinking differently from, say, M. Jean Danielle, trendy editor of *Le Nouvel Observateur*, a magazine whose comfortable schizophrenia Tom Wolfe would readily identify as radical chic. American journalists in Paris are not much different. Some of these lunkheads still dream of old Stalinists like M. Jean Kanapa becoming conscientious ADA liberals. Only Americans still talk of Eurocommunism, a young French intellectual told me after the election.

The Communists never wanted to win, and this is a good thing for the French. The French Left's sense of liberty is not expansive. A preview of the repression that would follow their victory was offered the week of the election when the moderate weekly *Le Point* had to withdraw its editorial favoring the center-right government before left-wing staff members would allow *Le Point* on the street. This sort of repression is not unusual in France, nor for that matter is it unthinkable in America. One can easily envision a group of conscience-bound activists, emboldened by their superior virtue (say a women's lib group), committing the same sort of atrocity at the *New Yorker* or *New York* magazine. But it is the kind of repression that has moved Jean-François Revel, easily France's most interesting journalist, to become an outspoken defender of freedom. Revel's forceful mind is quite possibly the catalyst behind a great many of the new ideas circulating through Paris today.

All have heard of the "new philosophers," those ex-Marxists who have turned on the orthodox Left for its repressive tendencies. Unfortunately, the new philosophers remain obsessed with "power" and incline toward an interpretation of democratic society not greatly dissimilar to the quack Marcuse's notion of "repressive tolerance." The really exciting news is of the "new economists," Friedmanites, creatures one would not expect to find in Paris for another thousand years. French intellectuals are buying a new book, *Demain le capitalisme* by Henri Lepage, and with apparent enthusiasm are reading about the ideas of Friedman, Gary Becker, Gordon Tullock, and other advocates of a free-market alternative. The book has been selling at a rapid clip of 400 a week and is now in its second printing. I find this a matter nearly as worthy of a round of Kronenbourgs as the spitting match now going on among leftists.

How long it will take American journalists in Paris to get wind of this phenomenon I cannot say, but when they do, I should like to be around to see them fall off their barstools. Perhaps France will be the first country in which the left socialists kill themselves off before they kill the country off. I certainly hope so, for before leaving I discovered that a stupendous young chef, Jacques Cagna, has gotten even better. Restaurant *Jacques Cagna* must have been a merry place the week after M. Mitterrand's party for the enforcement of drabness was ambushed by a combination of sensible French democrats and slavish Communists.

Another country in which the socialists are taking a well-earned drubbing is England, where despite economic improvements in recent months, it still appears that the electorate has had done with the socialist foozlers. The Post-Credulous Age has just begun in England, and though some very intelligent intellectuals and even an occasional politician struggle manfully to resurrect the country, it is possible the socialists, aided and abetted by yesteryear's Tories, have been in control just too long. The fundamental problem of directing capital investment into productive enterprise rather than welfare services is not easy to solve. Most likely Mrs. Thatcher will win the elections that will probably come in the fall, but there is only so much she can do. She can cut taxes and burdensome subsidies. She can dissolve some of the restrictions that shackle private initiative and guarantee unemployment. But she cannot tamper much with the trade unions that have turned Great Britain into the Italy of the North. The power of these Luddite unions and their allies in the socialist Labour government has proved to be a terrible impediment to freedom and progress. In fact, the country has regressed to a barter economy. Tradesmen exchange their talents through a "hidden" economy rather than suffer in an economy so heavily regulated and taxed by the socialists. A distinguished editor told me of a man who had to pay a doctor a case of whiskey to have a serious operation. I heard of a typesetter who covertly sets type for a small magazine in exchange for various services rendered. These practices are widespread. Industrious individuals are taxed into an intolerable condition as the socialist mirage hums along.

Things have gone so sour in England that even the majority of Labourites no longer believe in their whim-wham, and their only driving dream is to maintain power. It is a sensible ambition, for only the powerful in a socialist paradise have available to them the range of comforts available in less regulated lands. Hopeful voices now speak of England's economic upturn as though a 9.5 percent inflation rate and static growth were an economic miracle. They speak dreamily of North Sea oil, but those riches are easily drained into such wasteful enterprises as the deficit-ridden British steel and shipbuilding industries. Recently the British government agreed to subsidize the Polish government's purchase of British ships, whose production the government already subsidizes. Thus, British taxpayers pay highly-trained British laborers to build ships for Poles, and then pay the Poles to buy them. Without the government's intervention technologically-fertile Britain could put the shipbuilders into productive jobs. The Poles' ships would be built by less technologically advanced countries, thus allowing these countries to develop and freeing British taxpayers from sending development aid that assures underdevelopment. There we have the socialist genius in all its splendor.

Let the meliorists speak of Britain's resurrection under Labour. Their poetry brings to mind the wisdom of one of Barzini's favorite philosophers, the 16th-century Florentine statesman Guicciardini, who reminds us that one can never forecast precisely when a debt-ridden merchant will go bankrupt or when a dying man will shake his mortal coil or when a besieged city will run out of provisions. But such things happen, and such gloomy images certainly apply to Italy and Britain. France, too, is not exempt; for that matter, the United States is not free from the implications of Guicciardini's remark. One of the basic problems with socialism is that it is an intensely materialistic and self-seeking system dependent for its success on a nonmaterialistic and generous-spirited ethic. Another problem is that it is idiotic. Where it has been practiced, few seriously believe in it for long; where it has yet to work its havoc, it is a source of endless hope. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

The Chicago Tribune

Reviewing Vivian Gornick's *The Romance of American Communism*, Mr. Richard J. Walton undoes the accumulated evil of the late Colonel Robert R. McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* with one colossal effusion of enlightened insight:

So we have had to wait for the time and the writer to come together. What a splendid, moving book has resulted. A book of such quality that it alone would justify a lifetime of writing.

What is Vivian Gornick's achievement? To bring to life as human beings the people who constituted the American Communist Party. That may not sound like much, but anyone more than 45 or so will remember—or should—that it was only the day before yesterday, in historical time, that most Americans saw the Communist Party as a monolith composed of verminous sub-humans: subversives, traitors, defilers of all America stood for. They were pictured—often by those who should have been most aware of the falsity of this collective portrait—as political animals who were fair game to be hounded mercilessly and routinely deprived of their basic rights as citizens.

Gornick has revived them as ordinary, which is to say as extraordinary for, as Gornick brings them to life in these crowded, lively pages, the Communists were often our best people.

[*February 19, 1978*]

The Great Books Series

And now from the very book reviewed so exactingly by Mr. Walton, a few analytical passages. As can be surmised from Miss Gornick's descriptions of these worthies, she is a health-food nut, unmarried, and living in a nudist camp somewhere in Southern California:

Dick Nikowsski is seventy years old. A lifelong Communist Party functionary, Nikowsski—a tall, handsome, blue-eyed man—is something of a romantic figure in the American Left....

Will Barnes likes to say he is as old as the century....He is a tall, muscular man in magnificent physical shape who wears glasses only to read and looks like an intelligent John Wayne....

Norma Raymond, still beautiful at fifty-seven—dark eyes, dark hair, a marvelous laugh—was known as the Perle Mesta of the CP....

Eric Lanzetti, sixty-two the summer I met him, is a whirlwind of a man. Slim, medium-sized, with young dark eyes, a beautiful bald head, and a white spade beard, Lanzetti—an intellectual of the Left (writer of endless books, articles, and pamphlets) with the life-regenerating air of a Picasso, surrounded by women, children, grandchildren, children of the age of the grandchildren—is a man capable of speaking at a passionate, infuriated pitch alive with facts, anecdote, analyses, war stories about the Left and America that fill him with force and youth and compellingness....

Tall, blond, athletic, Dougherty's looks instantly recall the perfect proportions of face and body that inform a Greek statue. Dougherty has as well a dreamy, otherworldly look about him; the peculiar stillness and grace of the saint, the idiot, the child is there in his deep-set blue eyes and his detached smile....

Diane Vinson is a remarkably beautiful woman who looks fifteen years younger than her sixty-two years. Her body is slim and lithe, her hair burnished and abundant, her blue eyes clear and serene, her head held at an angle of attentive repose....

Anthony Ehrepreis is sixty-four years old. He is a tall, bulky man with a thickness of iron-gray hair that falls to either side of his face from an uncontrollable part in the middle of his head, and his craggy features bear an uncanny resemblance to those of the English actor Peter Finch....

Sam Russell is sixty-eight years old. He is a tall, well-built man with liquid dark eyes, thick black eyebrows, and a mass of silver hair that surrounds his face like an aureole.

The Romance of American Communism
by Vivian Gornick
[Basic Books]

L'Express

An American in Paris—a distinguished French weekly interviews Harold Robbins, the American Aeschylus:

"I am the best American writer since the death of John Steinbeck....I need space to express myself, especially when I give interviews...." Robbins does not hesitate evidently to pass off definitive judgments on certain greats of the literary world: Fitzgerald? An emasculated alcoholic, incapable of constructing a plot. Hemingway? The sense of narrative, but he didn't know how to write. Marcel Proust? *Passée*. The French? Too elitist, especially Alexander Dumas. Tolstoy or Dostoevsky? Not bad, one remembers their characters.

[*March 26, 1978*]

The Humanist

Beyond anti-vivisectionism, beyond vegetarianism, onward ever onward with a Robert L. Tyler:

Why are we so unfeeling? I reserve for the moment the question of morality. I only wish to establish the *fact* of our insensitivity. When we slice off wheat at the ground with our huge machines, nobody identifies with that oceanic loss of life. Somehow the ooze from a severed rubber-plant branch is less terrible to us than the gush of blood from a stuck pig. We can vigorously scrape a carrot, pull a lettuce to pieces, slice a tomato, or gut an apple and not feel a twinge of sympathy with that life we are destroying and exploiting for our selfish use. Obviously we are suffering from a deeply ingrained fauna chauvinism, the vegetarians along with the rest of us.

[*January/February 1978*]

Ms.

The volupt visions of Miss Gloria Steinem, feminist metaphysician:

In some very basic ways, American women are in bed with Jimmy Carter—and it's a long time until morning.

[*January 1978*]

Rolling Stone

The selfless aspirations of Mr. Tom Robinson, *Meistersinger*, as handed down to *Rolling Stone*, voice of the young intellectuals:

"I write socialist music, music for the people, popular music, pop," Robinson says, traveling by bus from a gig in Brighton to his London home. "We're not into 'gay power.' It's one song, and I'm the only guy in the band who's gay. If one less kid gets 'queer-bashed' because of that song, it's done plenty."

[*February 9, 1978*]

The Minneapolis Tribune

Tense drama occurring in historic Peoria, Illinois, reported by the Associated Press and presented on the pages of the *Minneapolis Tribune*:

Diana Antle said she was driving home for lunch when "slowly coming right at me was another car with a naked man sitting on the hood.

"At first I thought the guy had found a new way of streaking. Then I saw he was arguing with a woman inside the car," Antle, 23, said Friday. "The approaching car hit me and we locked bumpers. The naked guy jumped off and started running around the car trying to get inside to the woman, who apparently had locked the doors.

"The woman put her car in reverse and was trying to back up. I yelled at the naked guy to make her stop; she might pull a fender off my car.

"Finally, the guy broke a window, reached inside and opened the door and dragged the woman out," said Antle. "He picked her up and carried her kicking off down the street."

Antle called police, who said they found Robert Corder, 24, and his girl friend, Raynell Willis, 22, locked in a bathroom of his apartment. Police said Corder was booked on charges of disorderly conduct and resisting arrest.

[*March 11, 1978*]

The New York Times Magazine

The true-life confessions of Harvard psychologist Robert Coles, author of over 400 magazine articles and 25 books:

Like anybody, I have my passions, I have my hates. Hitler, Stalin, Exxon, Gulf, the rich, the insensitive, the powerful.

[*March 26, 1978*]

Observer Magazine

A pregnant moment in the midst of a most scholarly and high-minded disquisition on Mormon theology presented *verbatim* from the illustrious *Observer Magazine* of London:

The handful of blacks in Utah live in the shadow of a dogma that declares them to be "cursed sons of Cain." Asked what this meant in practice, a black sales clerk said: "It means they don't want us messin' with their women." He recalled that the race bar dates back to the time when polygamy was *de rigeur*, and the Elders were distressed by visions of a black patriarch with a flock of white wives.

[*March 12, 1978*]

Commonweal

American history made comprehensible to mental defectives:

Franklin D. Roosevelt, for all that he was decried and denounced by all those members of the Union League Club who used to troop down to the Trans-Lux to boo him, nevertheless all but single-handedly saved capitalism in America. If, by some not quite imaginable process, Hoover could have been re-elected in 1932, he probably would have been too self-conscious to hand the capitalists any more than they had already stolen, would instead have become the great social engineer his life prepared him to be, a socialist by any other name.

[*February 17, 1978*]

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Please don't neglect the underside of your car. The worst rusting happens from the inside out. That's because salt, slush, and even mud tend to collect in the crevices underneath the car, in the door creases, and inside the fenders. Moisture gets trapped in those places and causes rust. So try to wash the underside of your car, too. In winter, if you can, and at the first opportunity in spring. Even if it's only a few times a year, that would help some.

If your car gets dented, scratched, or chipped, try to get it repaired as soon as possible. Even a "small" scratch is bad. Because once a car starts to rust, the damage spreads fast. The paint around a dent or scratch can look okay, but rust is spreading underneath. In the long run, it's cheaper to fix the car right away.

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